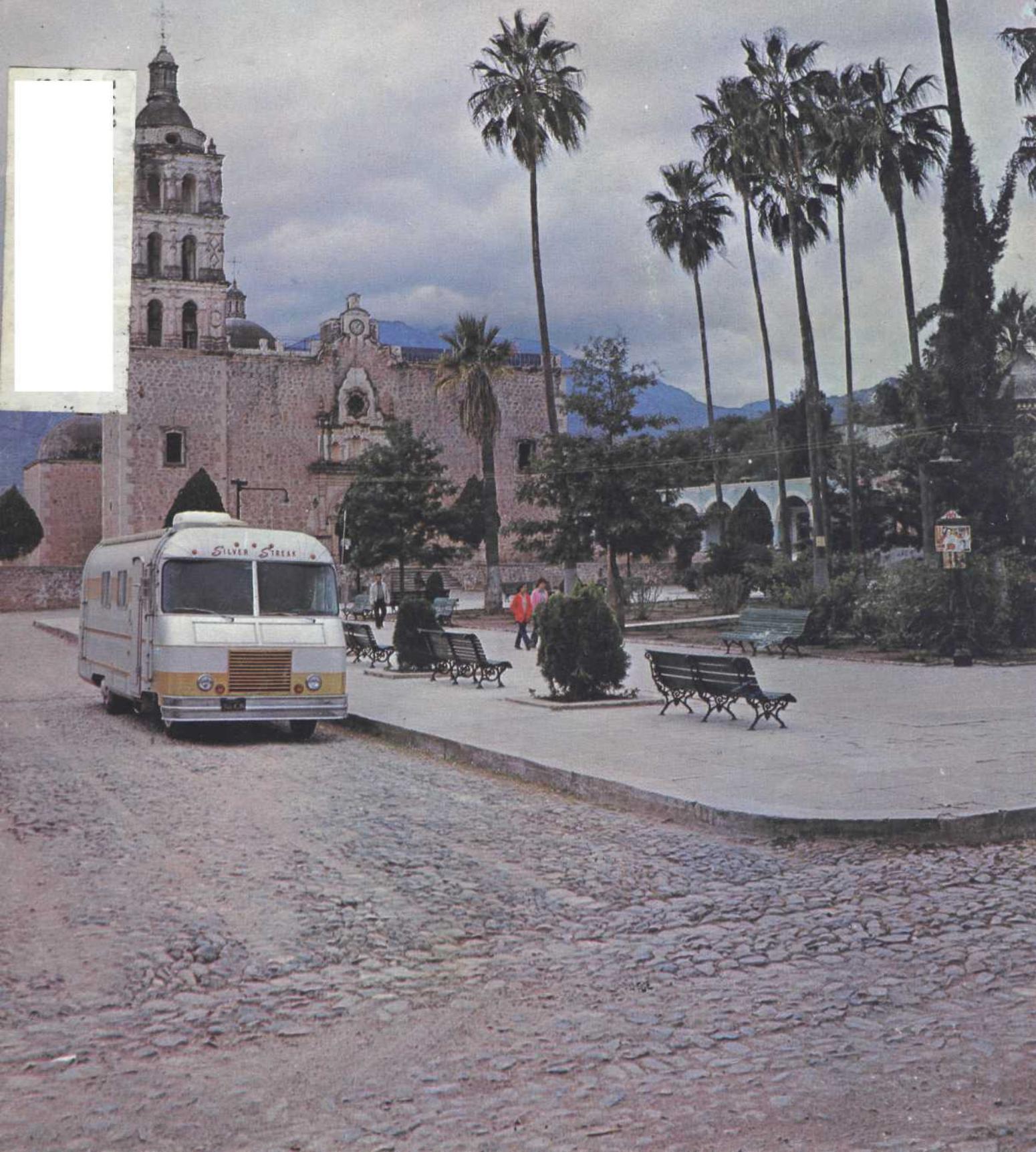


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Desert
MAGAZINE

Volume 38, Number 4

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY IN BAJA CALIFORNIA by Harry Crosby. A fascinating recounting of a trip by muleback over the rugged spine of the Baja California peninsula, along an historic path created by the first Spanish padres. It tells of the life and death of the old Jesuit missions. It describes how the first European settlers were lured into the mountains along the same road. Magnificent photographs, many in color, highlight the book. Hard cover, 182 pages, large format, \$14.50.

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PUEBLO OF THE HEARTS by John Upton Terrell. Named Pueblo of the Hearts by Cabeza de Vaca, this Opata Indian Village played host to some of the most famous explorers of the 16th Century, including Fray Marcos, Estevanico, Diaz, Coronada and de Vaca, and was at one time one of the most important frontier outposts in Spanish America. Although the village disappeared four centuries ago, its fame endures. Hardcover, 103 pages, \$6.00.

HOTSEEN CROTCHETTY by Jimmy Swinnerton. This delightful book by famed desert painter, cartoonist and story teller, Jimmy Swinnerton, is an interpretation of a centuries-old Hopi legend. The fable, told to Swinnerton more than 50 years ago by an Indian story-teller, involves Old Man Hosteen, the Owl People, and how they were outwitted by the pueblo children, aided by the Termite People. Beautiful 4/color illustrations throughout. Hardcover, large format, 48 pages, \$7.50.

RELICS OF THE WHITEMAN by Marvin and Helen Davis. A logical companion to *Relics of the Redman*, this book brings out a marked difference by showing in its illustrations just how "suddenly modern" the early West became after the arrival of the white man. The difference in artifacts typifies the historical background in each case. The same authors tell how and where to collect relics of these early days, tools needed, and how to display and sell valuable pieces. Paperback, well illustrated in color and b/w, 63 pages, \$3.95.

FROM MAINE TO MECCA by Nevada C. Colley. The history of California's Coachella Valley is told by the author who knew many of the old-timers and listened to their stories, sometimes humorous, but always telling of their struggle and fortitude in developing one of the most formidable deserts in this country. Hardcover, 245 pages, \$6.95.

LOST MINES & BURIED TREASURES ALONG THE OLD FRONTIER by John D. Mitchell. The second of Mitchell's books on lost mines which was out-of-print for many years. Many of these appeared in *DESERT Magazine* years ago and these issues are no longer available. New readers will want to read these. Contains the original map first published with the book and one pinpointing the areas of lost mines. Mitchell's personal research and investigation has gone into the book. Hardcover, 240 pages \$7.50.



JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. 58 towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. 239 pages, illustrated, end sheet map, hardcover, \$7.95.

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THE WEST

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DESERT, The American Southwest by Ruth Kirk. Combining her knowledge of the physical characteristics of the land, and man's relation to the desert from the prehistoric past to the probable future, with her photographer's eye and her enthusiasm for a strange and beautiful country, the result of Ruth Kirk's work is an extraordinarily perceptive account of the living desert. Highly recommended. Hardcover, beautifully illustrated, 334 pages, \$10.00.

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PALM CANYONS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA by Randall Henderson. The beautiful palm canyons and isolated areas of Baja California are described by the late Randall Henderson, founder of **DESERT** Magazine. Although these are his personal adventures many years ago, little has changed and his vivid writing is alive today as it was when he first saw the oases. Paperback, illus., 72 pages, \$1.95.

NAVAJO RUGS, Past, Present and Future by Gilbert S. Maxwell. Concerns the history, legends and descriptions of Navajo rugs. Full color photographs. Paperback, \$3.00.

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RUFUS, by Rutherford Montgomery. From one of America's best-loved children's nature writers comes the story of Rufus, a fierce and proud bobcat struggling against nature and man. As Rufus grows and matures, his exciting adventures make fascinating reading for adults and children alike. Hardcover, 137 pages, \$4.95.

TREASURE HUNTER'S MANUAL #7 by Karl von Mueller. Treasure, or treasure trove, may consist of anything having a cash or convertible value; money in all forms, bullion, jewelry, guns, gems, heirlooms, genuine antiques, rare letters and documents, rare books and much, much more. This complete manual covers every facet of treasure hunting. Paperback, 293 pages, illustrated, \$6.95.



THE WIND LEAVES NO SHADOW by Ruth Laughlin. "La Tules," an acknowledged queen of the monte game in old Santa Fe, was acclaimed not only for her red hair, her silver slippers and diamond rings, but also for her dazzling wit, which made even losers at her monte carlo table smile as she raked in their silver. Miss Laughlin has combined the historians's skill and the novelist's gift to unravel the truth about this legendary lady in a historical romance that has proven popular for nearly two decades. Hardcover, 361 pages, \$4.95.

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LAS VEGAS [As It Began—As It Grew] by Stanley W. Paher. Here is the first general history of early Las Vegas ever to be published. The author was born and raised there in what, to many is considered a town synonymous with lavish gambling and unabashed night life. Newcomers to the area, and even natives themselves, will be surprised by the facts they did not know about their town. Western Americana book lovers will appreciate the usefulness of this book. You don't have to gamble on this one! Hardcover, large format, loaded with historical photos, 180 pages, \$10.95.

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TOP BOTTLES U.S.A. by Art and Jewel Umberger. The discovery of a rare old bottle opens up a new understanding of life at an earlier period. A collection of old medicine bottles takes one back to a slower, less complicated life-style. A time when a concoction of aromatic bitters could cure almost anything. The authors have an expertise in their field that cannot be challenged. Profusely illustrated, paperback, \$4.50.



TALES THE WESTERN TOMBSTONES TELL by Lambert Florin. The famous and infamous come back to life in this great photo history including missionary, mule driver, bad guy and blacksmith—what tales their tombstones tell. Large format, 192 pages, originally published at \$12.95, now only \$3.95.

THE BAJA BOOK, A Complete Map-Guide to Today's Baja California by Tom Miller and Elmer Baxter. Waiting until the new transpeninsular highway opened, the authors have pooled their knowledge to give every minute detail on gas stations, campgrounds, beaches, trailer parks, road conditions, boating, surfing, flying, fishing, beachcombing, in addition to a Baja Roadlog which has been broken into convenient two-mile segments. A tremendous package for every kind of recreationist. Paperback, 178 pages, illus., maps, \$7.95.

FLOWERS OF THE CANYON COUNTRY by Stanley L. Welsh, text; and Bill Ratcliffe, photographs. Brigham Young University Press. Two professionals have united their talents to present an informative, scholarly and artistic promotion of the beauty found in flowers and plants of vast regions of the Southwest. Paperback, 51 pages, \$3.95.

Books for Desert Readers

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
New Revised Edition
By the *Sunset Editors*

This book offers a wide variety of experience to both the tourist and resident—amusement parks, sandy beaches, fairs and festivals, desert resorts and wilderness areas, plus large cities. Visitors and natives alike will enjoy exploring the many tourist attractions and side-trips from San Simeon to the Mexican border.

A walk through Pueblo de Los Angeles, San Diego's Old Town or Santa Barbara streets provides an insight into the history and romance of the Spanish era in Southern California. Missions, an important part of Southern California history, have an added interest for the traveler.

General area maps, plus useful travel information accurate as of November, 1974, cover areas as far north as Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley and extend south across the Mexican border. To the east, Death Valley and major recreational areas of Inyo and Mono counties are included. And along the coast, readers will visit coastal towns from San Luis Obispo to Morro Bay and San Simeon. A "Must See" box at the beginning of each chapter lists the interesting attractions of each region that visitors won't want to miss.

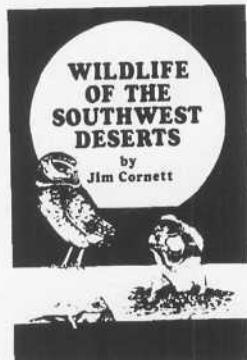
Beginning with the sprawling Los Angeles region, this book includes the ocean world and coastal resort towns, valleys fronting upon major mountain ranges, peaceful rolling hills with quiet villages and mission memories, desert resorts and wilderness, the winding Colorado River that divides Southern California and Arizona, and the great southern section of the Sierra Nevada.

In addition to the general area map of Southern California, other maps scattered throughout the chapters focus on local points of interest. Detailed street maps of downtown Los Angeles, San Diego and Santa Barbara can aid in planning walking tours. Freeways in the L.A. area are clearly marked to help motorists find their way around.

Although the book is aimed primarily at the visitor and new resident, the editors have included information on

possible discoveries for "backyard" vacations for those who have lived in Southern California for some time.

Profusely illustrated, paperback, large format, 160 pages, \$2.95.



WILDLIFE OF THE
SOUTHWEST DESERTS
By Jim Cornett

Up until now several books or a large investment were necessary to obtain complete information on the common animals of our southwestern deserts. However, within the pages of this book are the life histories of everything from ants to wild burros, and more.

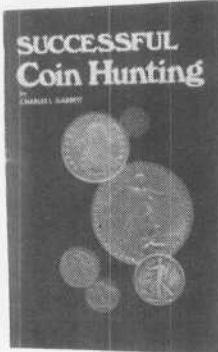
Insects, birds, reptiles and mammals that you are likely to see are all illustrated in this handy volume, just right for the glove compartment of your car.

Each of the 40 animals treated is discussed in concise terms so that the reader can get at the information fast, without wading through pages of unnecessary text. A book written for the casual observer of wildlife, *Wildlife of the Southwest Deserts* is packed with unusual information which answers the most frequently asked questions: Is it dangerous? When will I see it? Where can it be found?

Did you know that the desert iguana can tolerate the highest body temperature of any other animal in North America? Or that red-tailed hawks mate for life, never changing their partners until death? How about the survival techniques of the smallest desert rodent, the little pocket mouse? These questions are answered through interesting and enlightening accounts, often from the author's own personal experience. The information is accurate and up to date so that you know you are getting the most recent finding concerning each animal.

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sions of several basic types of coin hunting detectors, their operation and applications, as well as tips and suggestions from successful coin hunters.

By combining his extensive knowledge of electronic equipment with his long experience in the fascinating hobby of coin hunting, the author has been able to produce an authoritative piece of instructive literature — a classic book in the field. Liberally illustrated, paperback, 181 pages, \$5.00

lust for gold, of prospectors grown grizzled and deranged from long, lonely years of searching in a hot and arid domain. A time when men scratched and clawed at the earth's surface in an attempt to wrest the precious metal from it.

Today's treasure seekers set out with electronically devised metal detectors, four-wheel-drive vehicles and meticulously plotted maps — but the basic impulse is the same — find the treasure!

Brad Williams and Choral Pepper, authors of *The Mysterious West* and *Lost Legends of the West*, have gathered together little-known stories of missing, stolen or buried wealth, all based on at least a kernel of truth. Every tale contains substantial clues to the whereabouts of fabled and, in some instances, fabulous wealth.

The armchair explorer, also, will be stimulated by tales of desolate and dangerous places, eccentric characters and hair-raising adventures. He'll find described the Spanish galleon laden with gold and beeswax shipwrecked off a remote Oregon beach, a gold mine worked by Brigham Young, a shipment of Wells Fargo gold sunk in the Los Angeles harbor. Maybe some of the treasures have already been discovered, but then again, maybe they haven't!

Choral Pepper, former editor of *Desert Magazine*, is presently a syndicated travel columnist and West Coast correspondent for *Travel* magazine.

Brad Williams, who has worked as a journalist, is the author of many books and the creator, with J.W. Ehrlich, of a series of suspense novels featuring lawyer Sam Benedict.

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SUCCESSFUL COIN HUNTING

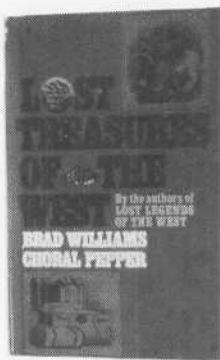
By Charles L. Garrett

The person not familiar with the hobby of coin hunting finds it difficult to believe that coins can be found. This book shows that any active and experienced coin hunter can find five thousand coins each year! This is an average of 100 coins found each weekend for 50 weeks — a reasonable and obtainable goal. However, this same person will not find any coins in this same length of time if he does not follow the rules set down for coin hunting.

Therein lies the value of this comprehensive book on the subject. Over 20 years of dedicated research and field application have produced the most complete and informative study of coin hunting available to the avid hobbyist and professional coin hunter. *Successful Coin Hunting* thoroughly and objectively covers metal detector selection and use, digging tools and accessories, how to dig, care and handling of coins, and contains a complete guide on where to search.

The reader will learn that the hobby of coin hunting yields various benefits, aside from the fact that scores of coins are worth many times their face value. Unlike some hobbies, which one member of the family may enjoy while the others are left out, coin hunting can be a family activity, to be participated in by the youngest to the oldest members. Hours spent together in the fresh air and sunshine are obviously beneficial. And, in addition to the coins found, many other interesting and valuable treasures often come to light.

Charles Garrett, an electronic specialist, has left his mark on the metal detector industry with his numerous inventions. This book contains discus-



LOST TREASURES OF THE WEST

By Brad Williams and Choral Pepper

Accounts of lost treasure have fired the imagination of even the least adventurous since the beginning of time. Down through history have come tales that impelled men of all stations to abandon their careers, their studies, their way of life, even their families, to set out on searches that might lead them into peril — all because they could not withstand the lure of storied treasure.

Probably no time in history has produced so many such stories as the period when the American far west was being settled, a period that abounds with such tales, some true and some purely legendary. It was a time of feverish

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Nevada's Moon Country

by MARY FRANCES STRONG

THE 170-MILE stretch of Highway 6 between Tonopah and Ely, Nevada, might be called the "lonliest road." Not one town, or even what could be considered a settlement, lies along its entire length. Travelers requiring gasoline or liquid refreshments will find only two, wide-spots in the road — Warm Springs and Currant — offering these services. Traffic problems are absent and the passing of an oncoming car is an event.

Highway 6 is a well-engineered route which travels through sparsely settled land on geological stepping stones — up and over mountains, down and across wide basins. Eighty miles east of Tonopah it skirts the northern edge of Nevada's "Moon Country" — a vast, barren region of volcanic





cinder cones and tremendous lava flows.

Though a small sign on the highway directs travelers seven miles south to Lunar Crater, few elect to make the side trip via a dusty, desert trail. Perhaps the charm of the area is due to the lack of people. The name was enough to attract us but, after traveling seven miles up a gradual slope to what appeared to be a summit, we were unprepared for the reward.

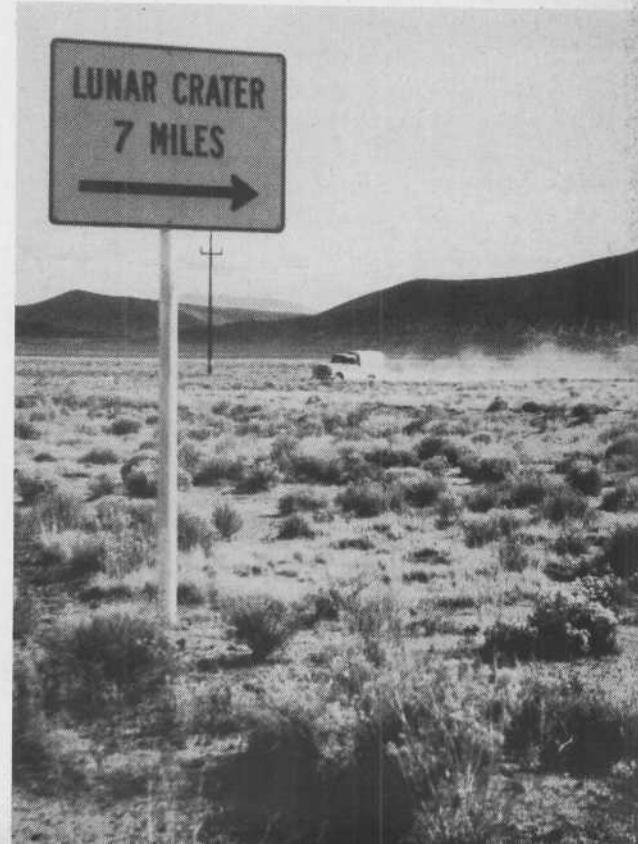
Stopping at the very edge of Lunar Crater, we looked down into a tremendous caldera — a Spanish term used to describe crater-like basins of volcanic origin. It was an awesome hole-in-the-ground, possibly 400 feet deep and appeared almost newly-formed. There had been minor sluffing of the talus from its steep sides and little evidence of water accumulation showed in the

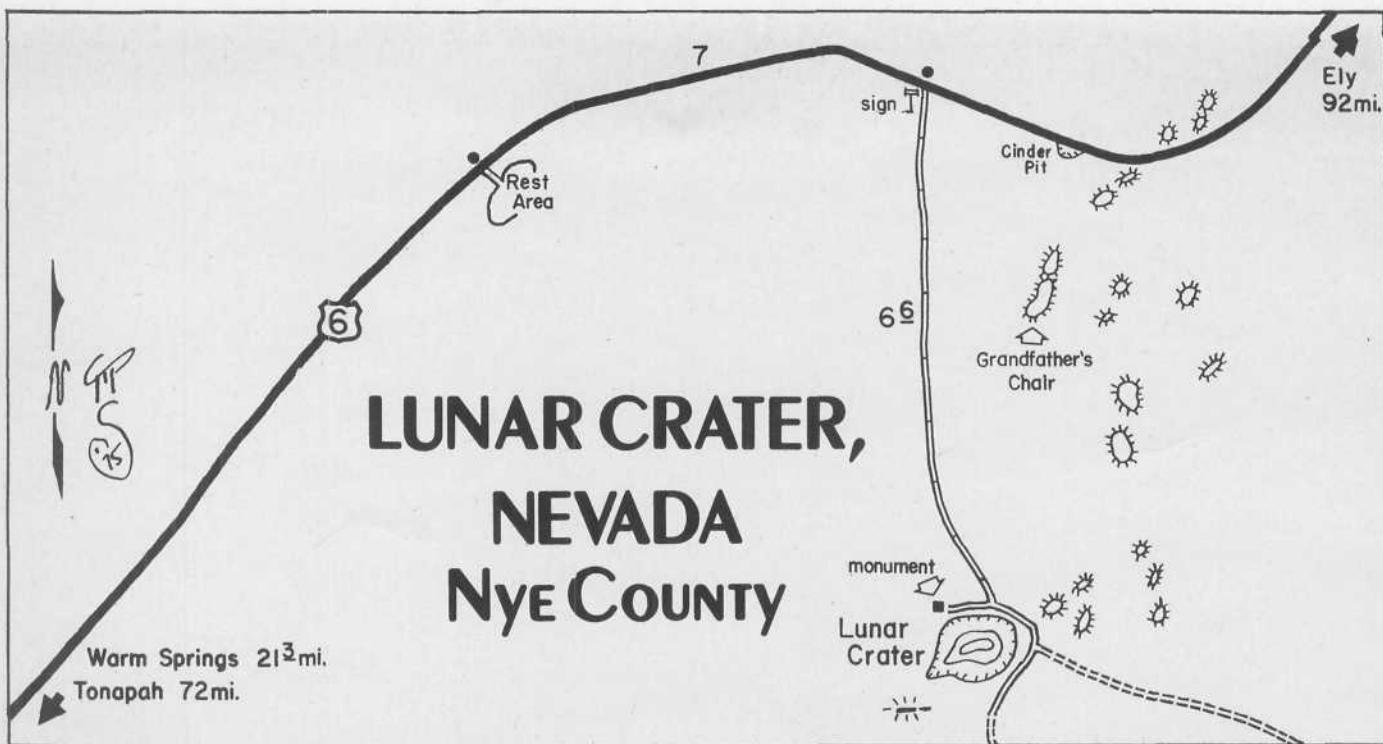
photos by
JERRY STRONG

Opposite Page: A gaping hole in the earth's crust, Lunar Crater, is all that is left when a sizable volcano literally "blew its top."

Above: Looking north from the edge of Lunar Crater, volcanic cinder cones of all sizes dot the landscape.

Right: From Highway 6, a small sign directs travelers via a dusty, desert road to Lunar Crater. Cinder cones are numerous in this volcanic region called "Nevada's Moon Country."





LUNAR CRATER, NEVADA Nye County

Warm Springs 2 1/3 mi.
Tonopah 72 mi.

bottom. Obviously, this was an extremely arid region.

Directing our gaze to the country around us, we noticed the entire area was dotted with cinder cones of varying sizes. To the north, a rather odd-shaped cone dominated the landscape. Later, we learned, it had been named "Grandfather's Chair." We hiked around the rim, viewing the gaping hole from every angle. Not electing to follow a steep, primitive trail to the crater's floor, we chose instead to explore dirt tracks leading easterly into a broad valley separating the crater from the numerous cones on a low range of hills.

At this lower elevation we stopped and could hear the rustling sounds of wind overhead. Not

another sound broke the stillness in this bleak and barren volcanic setting. It was easy to imagine we were on a lunar landscape. Only dwarfed bushes of ever-present, Great Basin Sage kept the reality this was Nevada. It was primeval country to explore. Four-wheel-drive is recommended.

The sun had obligingly traveled to a western point when we returned to photograph Lunar Crater. How had this landscape developed? When had all the volcanic action occurred? These were the questions on our minds.

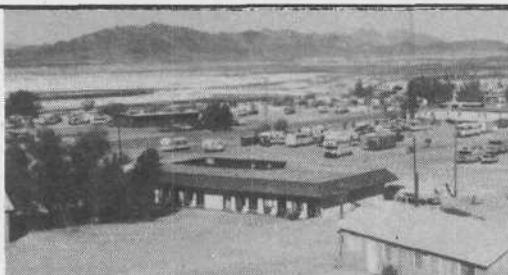
Geologists tell us the crater's birth began about 2000 years ago when intermittent tremors rocked the land. Eventually great pressures built up deep within the

earth as the result of "shifting and squeezing" the molten magma. High pressure steam escaped to the surface through cracks and fissures. Again, the region trembled and shook as pressures were released. Minor explosions resulted which sent forth showers of cinder upon the land. Cones built up and lava oozed out of vents in successive flows.

Volcanic activity increases and wanes as pressures fluctuate. A series of lava flows can build up large cones. This was probably the case at Lunar Crater. Hundreds of feet of lava were superimposed over the hillside. Suddenly, the earth rumbled deep within its bowels and, with an atomic-like explosion, it literally blew its top. Only a deep, circular crater remained where the volcano once stood.

It is believed that the eruptive phase of volcanic activity which created the cinder cones and volcano in this region was comparatively short-lived. This is based on the fact that the largest flow is approximately 400 feet thick and the tallest cone barely reaches over 500 feet. Comparing their thickness and height with cinder cones being formed in other parts of the world today, it could have been over in a matter of months.

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This fascinating region of more or less recent (geologically speaking) volcanic activity is little changed today, though hundreds of years have gone by. Cinders are extremely porous and readily absorb moisture. They act as a "cushion" against the usual wear and tear (erosion) upon the landforms caused by infrequent heavy storms.

Fortunately, except for the cinder pit used by the State Highway Department, the Lunar Crater area seems to have escaped any extensive mining development. We were told Nevada intends to include this natural wonder in her State Park System at a later date. It is worthy of protection.

At this time, when our natural resources are rapidly being diminished, we should pause and give thought to our scenic geological treasures. Man is Nature's most complex creature and his needs for survival are many.

Energy to provide our daily necessities is of number one importance. Following a close second are the requirements to refresh man's soul. This can only be accomplished by conserving and protecting a few natural seashores, wild rivers, primitive mountain regions, natural marshes and lakes, outstanding geological formations and the great deserts of the southwest.

It is only in this vast primeval land that man can be as one with his natural environment. Without the opportunity to leave civilization behind for short periods of time, the soul will shrivel and die.

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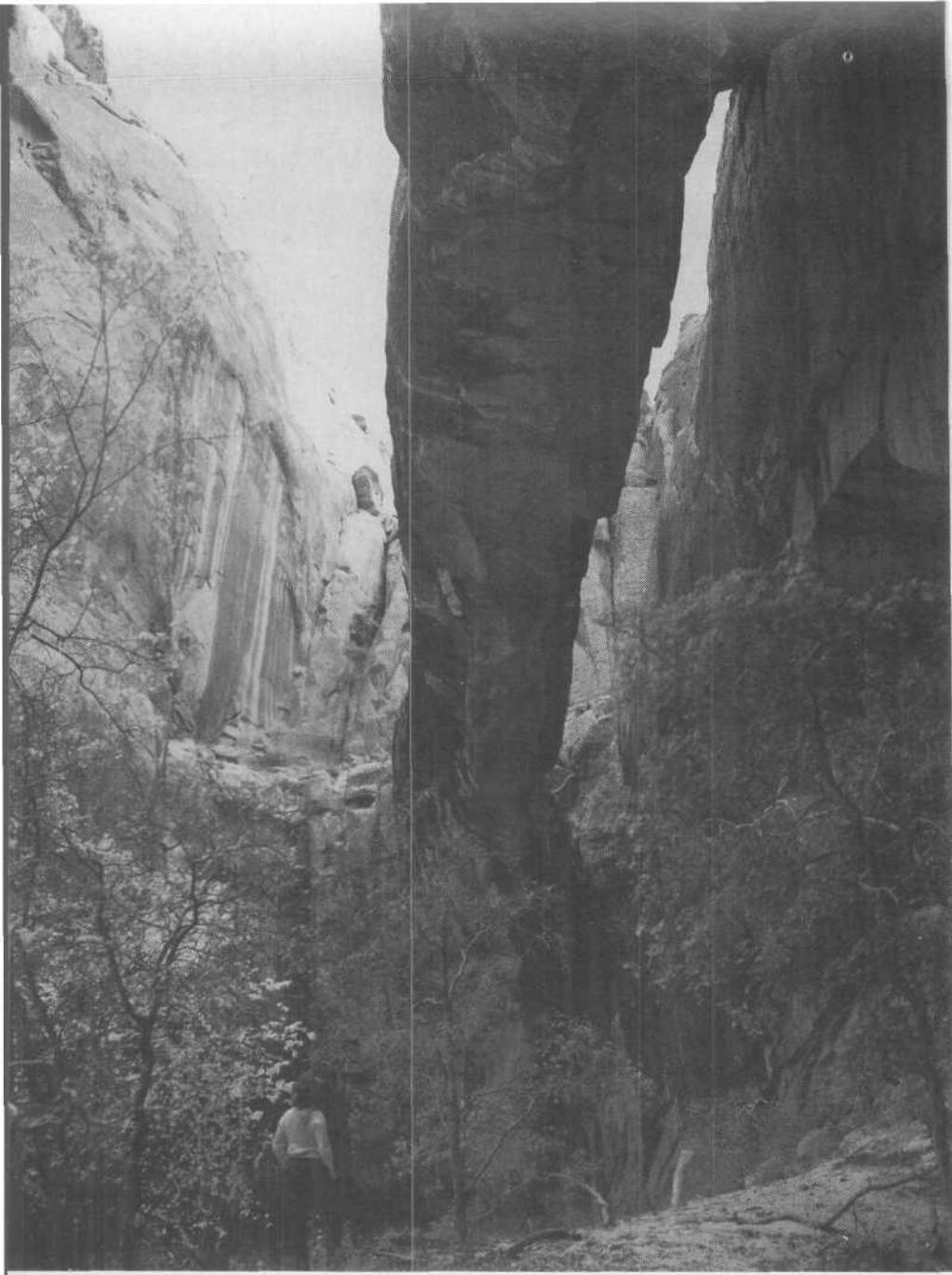
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ARCHES and BRIDGES

WHENEVER YOU talk about natural rock openings — arches, bridges and windows — you have to talk about Utah. According to the records of Mrs. Robert Vreeland, the outstanding expert on such phenomena in this country, there are some 600 known natural spans and windows of significant size in the continental United States. And over half of these are in Utah.

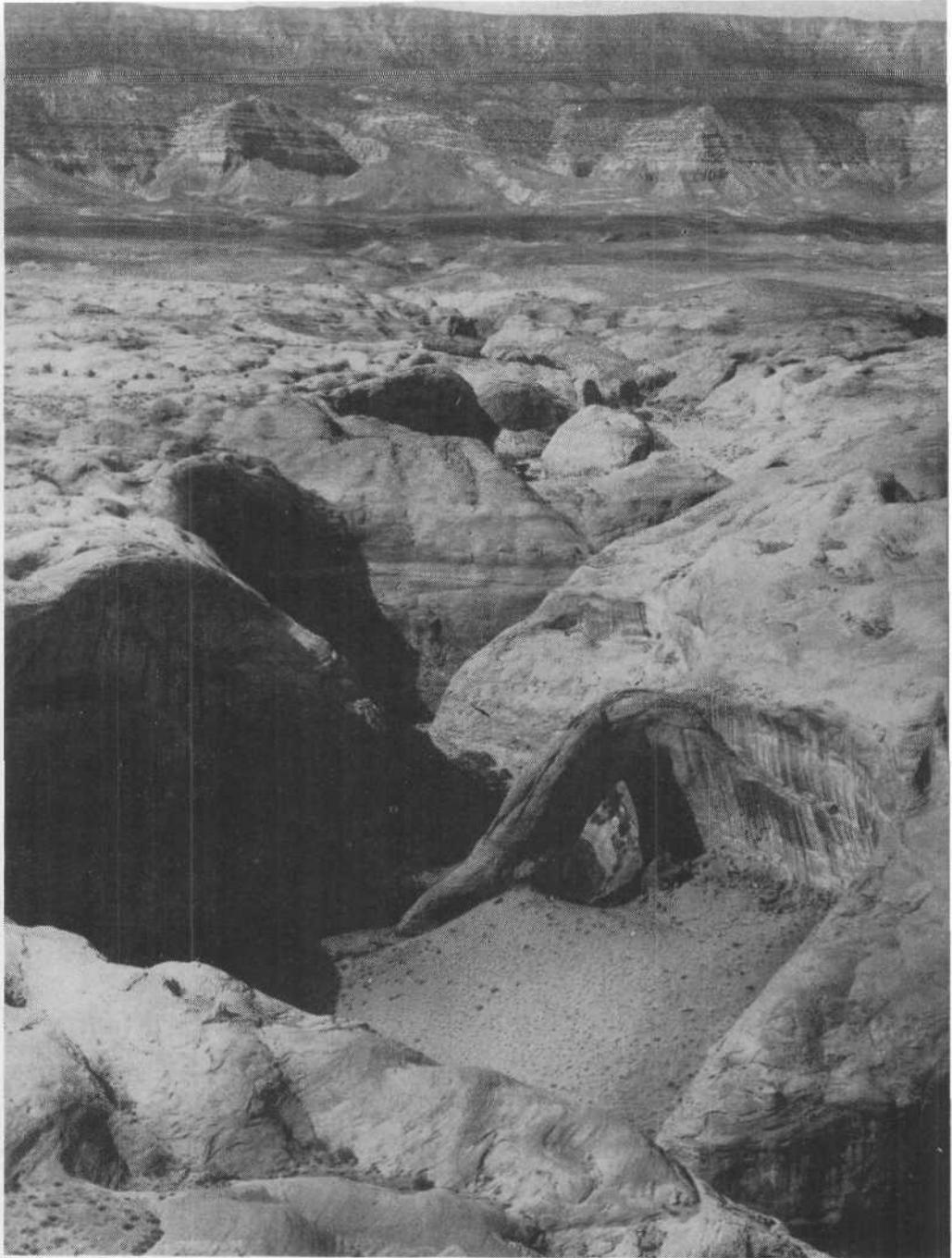
Thus, anyone who plans to "chase" arches and bridges and other such geo-

logic curiosities had better plan to spend some time in Utah. Quite a bit of time, in fact, because although most of the known spans in Utah are in its southern half, the half is rugged, broken and wild.

"Wild" arches and bridges — those not within established national or state parks — easily outnumber those presently protected. There are also a number of "semi-wild" spans. These are within Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, but there they do not receive the same

degree of protection that those within parks and monuments receive. Strangely, this national recreation area is still largely open to the exploitation of mineral resources, and the search for and development of these resources can endanger natural spans. The explosives, massive vibratory devices, and road building necessary to seismograph surveying, oil and gas drilling and mining are a definite hazard to brittle natural spans of sandstone.

Another hazard to the "semi-wild"



ES A Sampler of "Wild Ones" in Southern Utah

by F. A. BARNES

arches and bridges of Glen Canyon National Recreation Area is the rising water of Lake Powell, itself. Dozens of spectacular and unique spans have already been drowned or destroyed, and others still stand in jeopardy as the water level inexorably rises toward its maximum level, a point that may be reached by the middle of 1975. Gigantic Gregory Natural Bridge, on a branch of the Escalante River gorge, is now completely under water. Padre Arch, a large cave-like span, recently collapsed as the rising

water inundated its base. A pair of lovely and unique bridges cut from the monolithic sandstone of a narrow branch of Mystery Canyon now can be viewed only by the carp that proliferate in such stagnant-water sidecanyons of the lake.

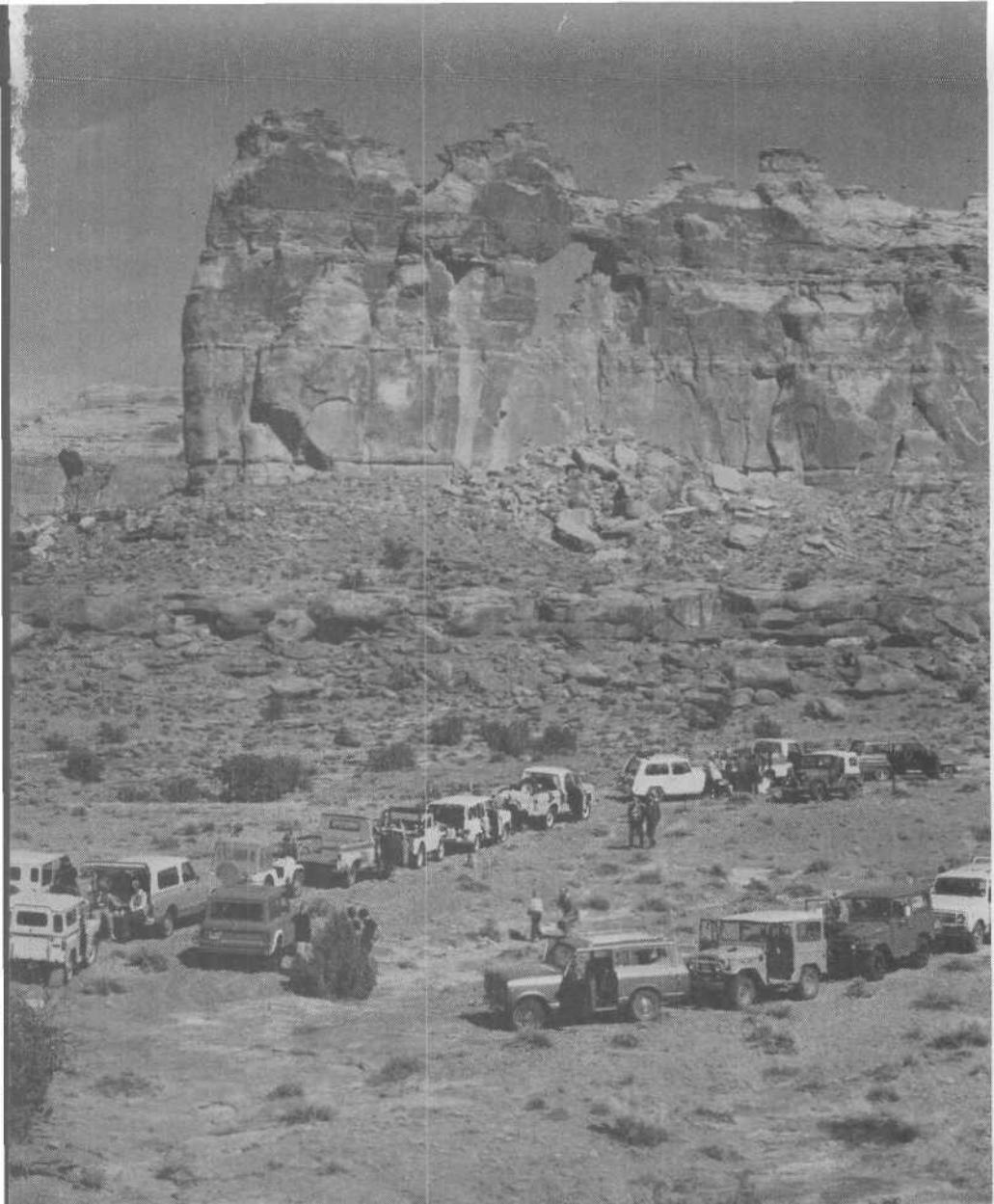
And magnificent Rainbow Bridge, on another such branch of the reservoir, had water lapping at its base in 1974. Still more will be there in 1975.

Experts disagree as to whether this will endanger this largest known span in the world. A U.S. Geological Survey ge-

Opposite Page: Morning Glory Natural Bridge is the fifth widest natural span in the country and the only one not protected within a national park or monument. Above left: Jacob Hamblin Arch is one of four huge spans within the Escalante canyon system. Above right: Broken Bow Arch, in the Escalante canyon system, is best viewed from the air.

ologist who made a three-day examination of the bridge before Lake Powell existed says "no danger," but other eminent geologists point out massive collapses in similar rock formations elsewhere around the lake as the rising water wets them. They say that this one-of-a-kind natural wonder is in dire danger.

But despite the loss of many natural spans in Utah, and the danger to others, there are still plenty of "wild" arches and bridges to chase in southern Utah,



Window Arch is beside the Jeep trail that penetrates Pritchett Canyon near Moab.

far more than the average amateur geologist or photographer will ever see. Following is a sampler of such spans. Some are huge, some are small but unique in characteristics other than size. Some are easy to locate and reach, others can be reached only via four-wheel-drive trails and hiking through rugged canyon country. A few are best located and viewed from the air.

The spans listed and described are only samples. There are dozens, hundreds more, some so remote and hard to find that only a handful of men have ever seen them. There are doubtless still others yet to be found and recorded by anyone. Bob Vreeland's list grows longer with every trip he makes to Utah.

And who know? Maybe while chasing some of the "wild ones" listed here, you

might find a new one, yourself. This can happen in the wild canyonlands of southern Utah.

First, some easy ones that can be spotted from paved roads. Then some not so easy.

Little Arch can be spotted near the top of the opposite river gorge cliff while driving down Cane Creek Road out of Moab. The arch is visible soon after the road begins paralleling the Colorado River. This span, which is really not little at all, can also be reached via the Poison Spider Mesa 4WD trail that begins at Utah 279 about three miles below the river portal. Jughandle Arch is beside Utah 279 a few miles farther down the river. Three other spans can be reached via Utah 279. Gold Bar Arch is visible from the road about seven miles

below the river portal. A sign indicates its location high in the slickrock domes to the east of the road. The other two, Corona and Bowtie, can be reached by a mile-long hike from this same location. Both are spectacular. Corona is also called Little Rainbow because its shape is similar to Rainbow Bridge.

Two unnamed arches can be spotted from U.S. 163, about 10 miles south of Moab, on the western cliffs. The smaller one stands on the cliff skyline. The other one, a few hundred yards farther south, is much larger but shows no sky through its opening.

Cane Creek Road out of Moab also leads to other curious spans. About one and one-half miles after the road changes from paved to gravel, just before it switchbacks down into a canyon, a short but steep hike goes to Funnel Arch. Farther on, miles after the road has become a 4WD trail, crossed a high pass and descended to travel the rim of the Colorado River gorge, it passes within a few feet of an unnamed natural bridge. This span is made of fossiliferous limestone, is perfectly flat on top and spans one alcove of a deep canyon. Ancient sealife fossils can be found nearby.

A side canyon that meets Cane Creek Road just where the pavement ends also leads to several spectacular spans. A rough 4WD trail penetrates this canyon. This trail goes directly by Window Arch, a window-like hole in a high sandstone wall. From this point, the top of Pritchett Arch can be glimpsed on the southern skyline and Halls Bridge is visible to the west if you know where to look. It takes a knowledgeable guide to lead you on the foot trail to Halls Bridge, but the trail to spectacular Pritchett Arch, and several others in its vicinity, is well marked farther on along the trail.

About 25 miles south of Moab, on U.S. 163, Wilson Arch stands beside the highway. Near La Sal Junction on U.S. 163, a short dirt road heads west to Looking Glass Rock, a window-like arch in a huge mass of slickrock sandstone. Nearer to Moab, at the top of the grade where U.S. 163 climbs out of the southern end of Moab-Spanish Valley, a truck road heads west. Six miles along this road, as it crosses a broad expanse of desert sandflats, a huge red sandstone promontory juts out of the sand dunes. A branching Jeep trail angles around this

mass of rock. One unnamed arch can be seen on the southern side of this monolithic rock. Another, called Picture Frame because of its square shape and the view it frames for those who climb up into the alcove behind it, is on the north side of the same rock mass.

For those who like to hike, there are two large natural bridges near Moab, each with canyons that contain flowing streams. Mill Creek Canyon joins Moab Valley near the town's drive-in theater. About two and one-half miles up the north fork, or left-hand branch of this spectacular gorge, Otho Natural Bridge can be spotted in a short spur canyon on the right.

Utah 128 heads up the Colorado River gorge out of Moab Valley. A large unnamed arch can be seen in the cliff above the road about one mile after Utah 128 leaves U.S. 163. Three miles from U.S. 163, a side canyon ends at Utah 128. One and one-half miles up this creek-watered canyon a short spur canyon on the right leads to Morning Glory Natural Bridge, only recently discovered to be the fifth longest in the United States. The top four are Landscape Arch (Arches N.P.), Rainbow Bridge, Sipapu Natural Bridge (Natural Bridges N.M.) and Kolob Arch (Zion N.P.). Of the top five, only Morning Glory is unprotected.

Jeep trails that require guides lead to other outstanding spans in the Moab vicinity. Jeep Arch, a large window-like opening in a massive rock wall, is hidden in the rock wilderness that lies between U.S. 163 and the Gold Bar Loop of the Colorado River gorge. Farther north and west in the same canyon wilderness, the Gemini Twin Bridges stand side by side across the upper end of a remote canyon. Still farther north, to the northwest of where U.S. 163 and Utah 313 meet, a large unnamed natural bridge is hidden in a white sandstone wilderness in an area called Courthouse Pasture.

Near the southeastern corner of Canyonlands National Park is a whole clutch of arches that just missed being included in the park. These are up the Dry Fork of Lavender Canyon. A slender, graceful arch is right at the junction of these canyons, a lovely and unique double arch graces the low canyon wall about a mile farther into the Dry Fork and a huge cave-arch is another half mile on the

left. A 4WD trail penetrates this canyon and the arches are not difficult to locate.

It takes both Jeeping and strenuous hiking to reach the big arch in the head of Hellroaring Canyon, a long side-canyon that branches from the Green River gorge north of Canyonlands National Park. The Green River also offers glimpses of many other "wild" arches to those who are taking five-day white-water raft trips through Desolation Canyon. One span on this trip, a huge one on the canyon skyline, can be first seen from more than 10 miles away. Its broken, sagging span is clearly visible from the river level for mile after mile.

Farther to the west, Grosvenor Arch is a well known "wild" arch that can be reached by a dirt road that travels between U.S. 89 and Cannonville, Utah. The canyon vastness to the east and north of this area contains countless other natural spans.

Among the better known of these are several in the Escalante Canyon system. The larger of these — Broken Bow, Coyote, Jacob Hamblin and Stevens — are within Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, and are hence poorly protected. These spectacular spans can be reached only by lengthy treks down the branching Escalante Canyon system, although knowledgeable air tour pilots that operate out of Moab, Canyonlands Resort and Page can provide aerial views of all four in one flight.

This list could go on and on. Even if a minimum size opening, say, 10 square feet, is set for defining an arch or bridge, there are still over 300 such spans within southern Utah, and more being reported all the time. Perhaps half of these are protected within the national and state parks that dot southern Utah, but the others are not. Most of those that are unprotected are within land under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Land Management. Rarely can this understaffed federal organization provide any protection for the natural wonders it administers. For lack of funds, manpower and policy, natural spans, rare paleontological finds and archeological sites lie open to vandalism and the careless damage done in connection with mineral search and development.

For example, mineral claim stakes were recently placed directly under the

graceful span of Corona Arch. The next steps after making such a claim are to bulldoze a crude jeep trail to the claim, then start digging and blasting. There is little the BLM can do to prevent this destruction under existing laws.

The moral to this story is to see southern Utah's "wild" natural spans while you can. The current national energy shortage is spurring the search for coal, oil, gas and uranium, and this search is proving to be a hazard to the natural spans and other wonders to be found in the unique canyon country of southern Utah.

See these while you can, then, and who knows? Maybe you will find an arch not yet recorded. If you do, the naming is up to you. The rule of thumb followed by serious "arch collectors" such as Bob Vreeland is, "the first in print." So if you find a "new" span, check first with authorities to make sure it is, indeed, new. Then if it is, name it and report your find to a newspaper and the government agency administering the land where you made your find.

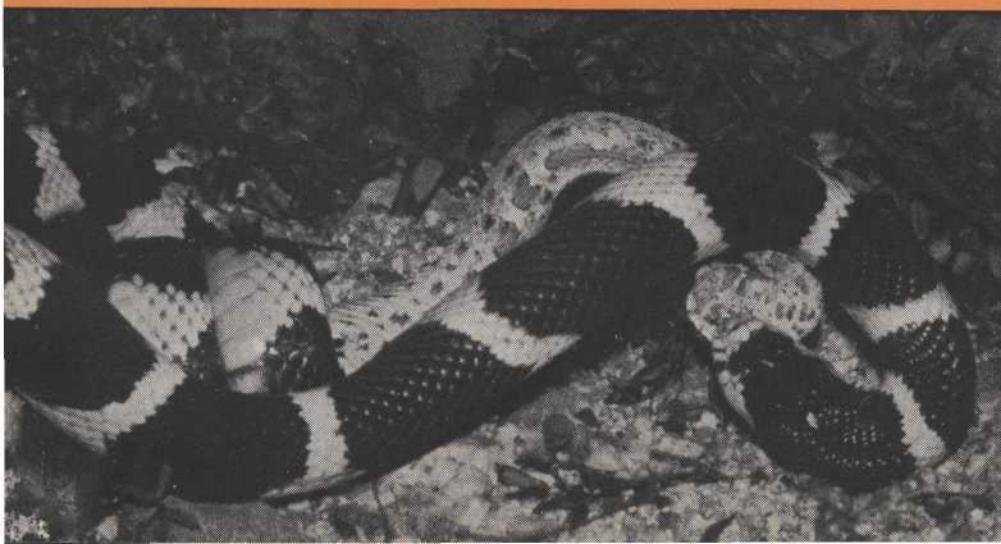
Then drop a note to *Desert* telling all about "your" arch. We would be glad to hear about it.

But when you come to Utah to hunt arches, don't make the mistake one befuddled visitor to Arches National Park made when she asked a ranger — "Are there any unknown arches here?" □

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The Desert King

by JIM CORNETT

THE COMMON KINGSNAKE is a most unusual reptile. He's loaded with quirks that both amaze and befuddle scientists who study his looks and investigate his behavior.

Found nearly everywhere in the southwest deserts, this adaptable fellow is as much at home in irrigated farmlands as he is in rugged canyons or wind-blown sand hummocks. Yet localities where





moisture is present, such as oases and desert streams, offer the most favorable habitat.

A remarkable feature of the Common Kingsnake is his great variability in color and pattern. In western Texas he's black with yellow spots. In Arizona, along the Mexican border, he may be black with no

spots. In southern Nevada one finds black kingsnakes too, but in that area they're encircled with scores of white bands. To add to all this confusion, we find the most amazing patterns in the Anza-Borrego region of California's Colorado Desert. Some kingsnakes there have a single white stripe running their entire length, whereas others have white bands; both on a solid black background. Since these two snakes live in the same region it isn't surprising that for nearly 40 years herpetologists believed the two snakes to be separate and distinct species. Then in 1936, Lawrence Klauber of the San Diego Zoo hatched both striped and banded kingsnakes from the same brood, thus proving the snakes were the same species.

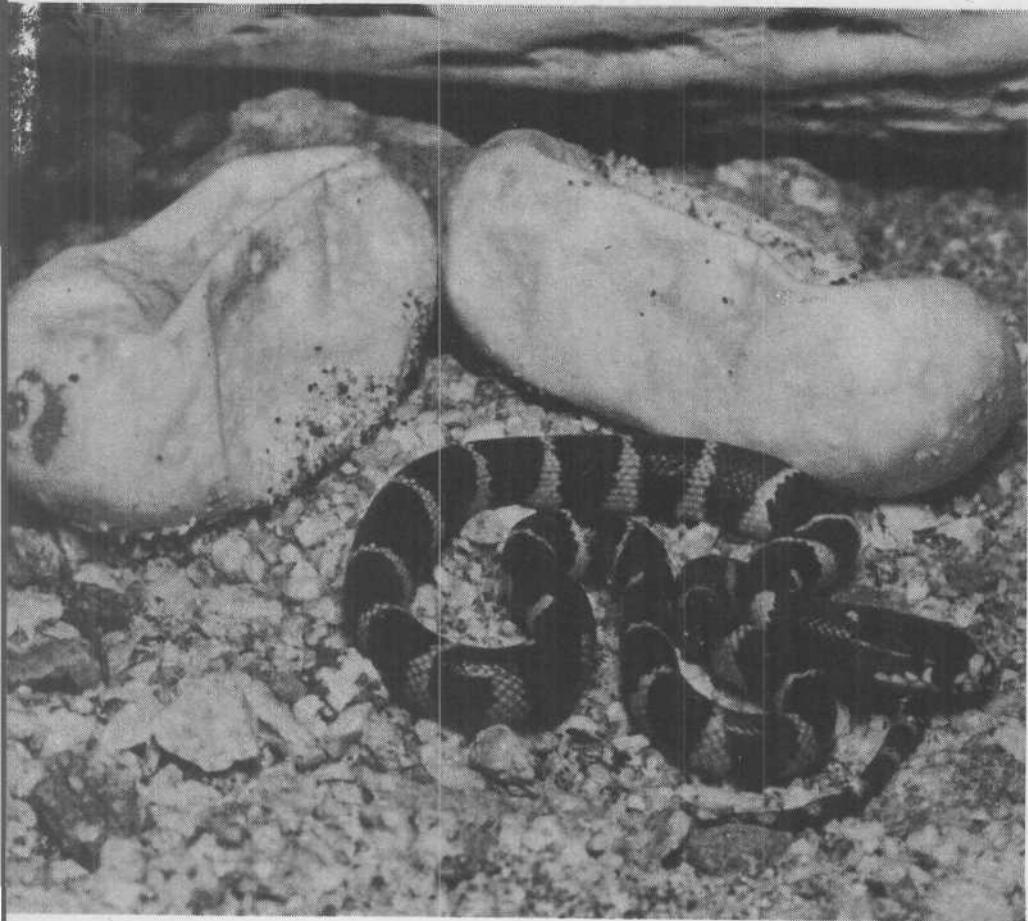
The differences were simply pattern variations like those found in many animals.

Common Kingsnakes, known as *Lampropeltis getulus* to the herpetologist, have the unusual habit of eating their own kind. Being true cannibals, they may swallow any other kingsnake that happens along. The larger of the two will engulf the smaller, which might very well be a brother, sister, or even its own offspring.

This obviously poses some interesting problems during springtime when males and females get together for reproductive purposes. Fortunately, however, mating takes precedence over eating. There seems a tendency for these snakes to be less inclined to swallow other kingsnakes during the spring



In a one-on-one confrontation between a Common Kingsnake and a Sidewinder, there is almost a mismatch. In the upper left photo, the Kingsnake encircles his victim. Then the Sidewinder prepares to strike back, but does little harm as his opponent is immune to the venom. With the Sidewinder subdued by constriction, a firm and fatal hold is made by the Kingsnake on the rattler's head . . . and finally, a graphic example of: "Heads I win, tails you lose!"



This little Kingsnake has just hatched from his egg and is on his own while two un-hatched eggs appear in the background.

months. An adult male kingsnake was once placed in a cage with a very large female, nearly a foot longer than himself. As the month was April, the two snakes wasted no time in intertwining their torsos, in the normal style of amorous serpents. After a few weeks as cage-mates the male was removed to more spacious quarters. Several months later overcrowding in other enclosures necessitated that the two lovers be reunited. Knowing how well the two snakes got along, the keeper simply dropped the male into the cage with his mate. The next morning when the keeper returned, he was dismayed to find only one kingsnake, a very content and swollen female. Apparently hunger had undermined the romance as the female had devoured her mate!

Kingsnakes are oviparous. That is they lay eggs. Six to eight weeks following copulation the female will lay from four to nine pure white eggs which she will deposit deep in some abandoned rodent burrow. Her sense of obligation to her young ends at that point as she crawls out of her offspring's lives for-

ever. Reptiles show no interest in their young after birth, quite unlike birds and mammals who care for their young until grown.

Upon hatching, the 10-inch miniatures of the adult form wait until dusk before striking out on their own. Life is hazardous at this stage and it is the lucky kingsnake that reaches maturity. Busy highways, hungry birds of prey, and the intense desert sun work against the kingsnake who is struggling to survive. Fortunately for the newly hatched "King," he crawls from his shell in early fall when newborn sidewinder rattlesnakes are just emerging. If these serpents meet, the stage is set for one of the most unusual battles in all of nature as kingsnakes will devour venomous reptiles.

Such a confrontation will usually take place at night when both snakes are actively searching for food. The kingsnake identifies the rattler with his tongue, an organ of smell. From that moment on, the poisonous serpent is doomed as the kingsnake immediately bites the sidewinder and surrounds it

with suffocating coils. Struggling to free itself, the sidewinder strikes repeatedly at the head of the kingsnake, but to no avail. Our "King" is undaunted by the imbedded fangs and deadly venom and simply shirks loose the sidewinder's grip.

Although immune to the effects of poisonous snakebites, the kingsnake prefers not to be bitten. Lengthy fangs thrust deep into muscle tissue must be painful and can puncture the heart or lung of the kingsnake. Such an injury could be fatal.

To avoid being bitten, our three- to four-foot friend lunges for the head of the rattlesnake. Securing such a hold, the kingsnake throws several coils around his toxic foe and begins constricting. This squeezing action is the same method used by the huge boas and pythons of the tropics, but in this case the prey is seldom killed. The tight loops prevent the sidewinder from fully expanding his lungs and thus he's simply subdued through exhaustion. In such a state he is helpless to defend himself and is finally swallowed whole while still alive.

Kingsnakes certainly do not feed exclusively on rattlesnakes. A wide assortment of animal life is preyed upon including birds and their eggs, small rodents, lizards, and, of course, other snakes, including the venomous coral snake and copperhead. When chanced upon in the field, a venomous serpent will be eaten but is not necessarily preferred over other types of prey.

Size is an important factor in determining what kinds of food will be taken. Kingsnakes prefer small rodents but have been known to swallow much larger animals. There is an authenticated record of a four and one-half foot kingsnake swallowing a five foot, three inch rat snake. This may seem an impossible feat but the kingsnake manages it by overlapping the victim into a "U-shaped" curve in his stomach. Needless to say digestion of such large prey takes several weeks.

It's not difficult to understand why our reptilian friend is called "kingsnake." With powerful coils and resistance to venom he can overpower nearly all of his scaly relatives, be they deadly or larger in size. Without a doubt, the Common Kingsnake is truly the "King" of the desert reptiles. □

So... What's a Navajo Taco?

Travelers have their first taste of the taco—and think it's great!

by
MILDRED HOOPER

TRAVELERS IN northern Arizona who find eating places hard to come by, often stop at Tuba City's Nava-Hopi Kitchen, look at the sign advertising shrimp, hamburgers and chicken, step in and order—a Navajo Taco.

It happens like this. The tourist enters the restaurant, readying himself for a nondescript meal of hamburgers and french fries. But around him there is a spicy aroma and other diners are eating a novel, mouth-watering concoction. Querying, "Whazzat?" he is informed that the delectable food item is a Navajo Taco. So—the tourist takes the taco.

Indian fried bread (a dough consisting of flour, baking powder, salt and water, pat-a-caked into a flat circle and deep fried) is the basis for the Navajo Taco. The crusty, piping-hot bread is smothered with home-made chili con carne, topped with cheese and shredded lettuce with a couple of green chili strips added for a final fillip.

A mini-taco, about six inches in diameter, sells for \$1.00. A regular-sized taco, about twice the size of the mini (which tourists refer to as the maxi) sells for \$1.50. (Prices stated were effective during the summer of 1974.)

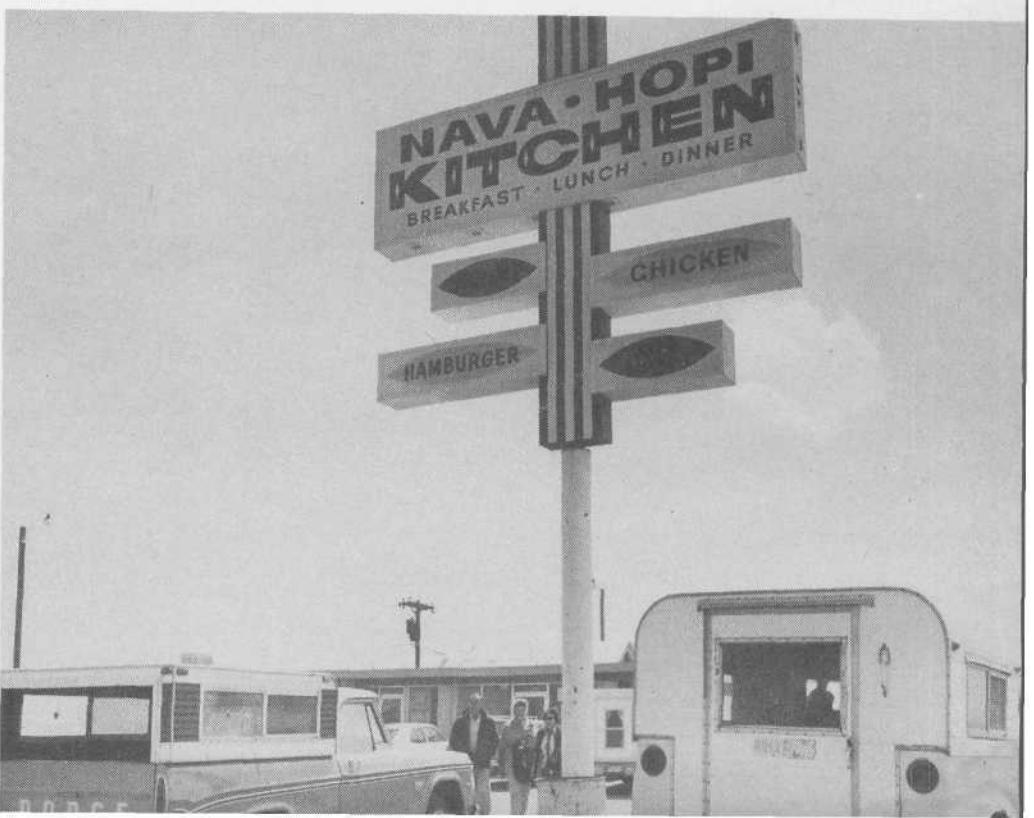
Some travelers in Arizona have been known to detour off main Highway 89 and go 12 miles down the road (on Highway 164) to Tuba City just to taste the tantalizing taco. Other tourists



journeying to the Hopi villages or following the Navajo Trail to Monument Valley have discovered the Tuba City food rendezvous and plan to route a future trip which will include the Nava-Hopi Kitchen.

The Nava-Hopi Kitchen is open every day during the summer months, except for an occasional day taken off by employees for celebrations. The restaurant is generally open six days a week during the winter months. □

At the Nava-Hopi Kitchen in Tuba City, Arizona, hamburgers, chicken, shrimp and milk shakes are advertised. But the specialty of the house is a Navajo Taco.



BATTLES OF

IN THE sweltering heat of an August afternoon in 1878, Captain Carroll Henry halted a small troop of cavalry at the mouth of a narrow canyon in New Mexico's Sacramento Mountains. His men slumped wearily on their horses; their sweat-stained uniforms were caked with dust from the long ride across the Tularosa Basin. Several of the troopers were already reeling from sunstroke. All were suffering from the effects of prolonged thirst.

Earlier, Captain Henry had shared his last canteen — one tepid swallow per man. Now, he turned in his saddle and stared back over the wasteland his column had just crossed. The blazing irradiance of White Sands seemed to float near the horizon. Somewhere

among the shimmering desert heat waves, Henry knew the pack mules of the supply train were following his tracks. He realized now the mules could not reach his troop before dark.

He turned his attention to the canyon ahead. The Indians' trail led unmistakably into its narrow confines. With a wave of his arm, Captain Henry ordered his troops forward and the exhausted column stumbled on.

In the canyon, not a breath of air was stirring; high walls and bluffs rose up to stifle all breezes from the outside. Henry would later write it was like riding through a furnace, that never before had he felt the heat so intensely. Deeper in the ravine, the passageway narrowed. Great ochre-colored walls towered above

the trail and the soldiers eyed with apprehension a drop of several hundred feet just to the left of their horses' hooves.

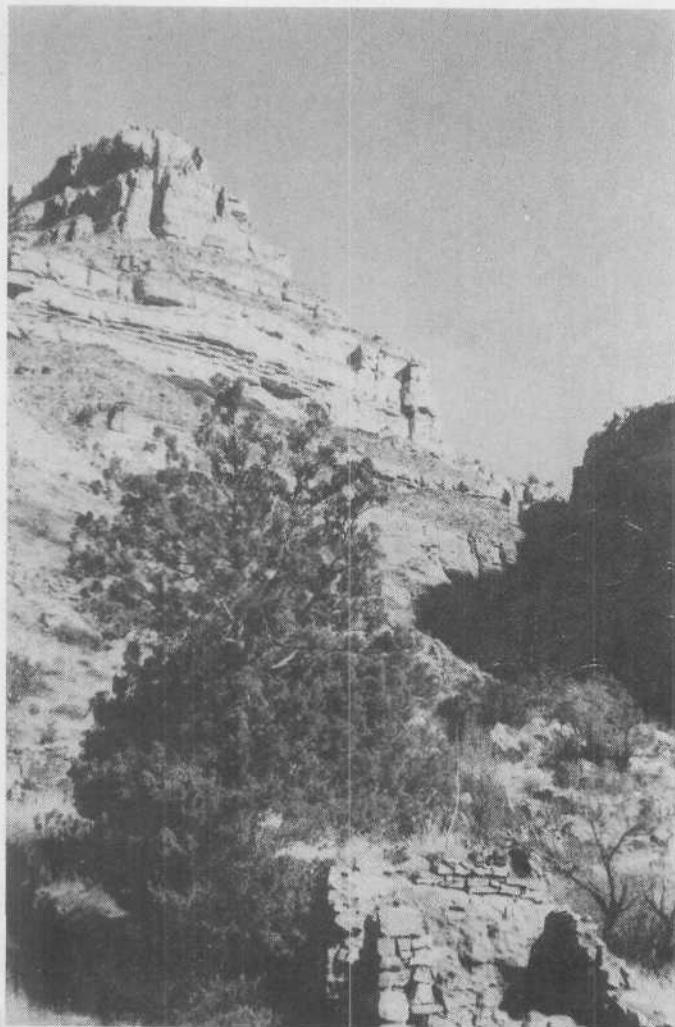
A growing sense of uneasiness passed through the ranks. The trail was now so narrow that the men found themselves strung out in single file. Though the Indians' tracks led clearly, almost inexorably onward, there was not a sign of movement nor a sound to break the stillness. Captain Henry hesitated briefly, listened, then pushed on.

Suddenly, there was a burst of gunfire. Men toppled from their mounts and horses fell screaming down the slopes. Simultaneously, from the heights above came a thunder-like rumble. For one puzzled moment, the cavalrymen froze, then a terrible realization swept over them as several tons of boulders bounded down from the cliffs, crashing into the line of horsemen. Panic seized men and beasts alike; the soldiers jerked frantically at the reins as their terrified, rearing mounts pitched over the side.

A second volley ripped through the churning figures and echoed off the cliffs. Captain Henry's unfortunate command fired back blindly at the attacker's they could not see. Desperately, they fought their way back down the treacherous trail and out of the gorge, survivors of another ambush in Dog Canyon.

This was neither the first nor the last time Dog Canyon's primeval silence was broken by gunfire. Probably no other single locale in the West has repeatedly seen so much violence. Between 1859 and 1881, at least three major engagements and several smaller skirmishes were fought in this spectacular ravine.

Later, during the bitter range wars of the 80's, the Canyon again became a battleground. Death was always as much a part of Dog Canyon as were its cliffs and shadows. It is not surprising that all of the battles were ambushes, for nowhere in the Southwest can one find a place better suited to this deadly game.



Frenchy's cabin
and canyon
walls.

Photo by
LaDonna Kutz.

DOG CANYON

by JACK KUTZ

Canon del Perro (the Canyon of the Dog) lies five miles east of Valmont, New Mexico. Here, on the edge of 500 square miles of desert, the rugged Sacramento Escarpment suddenly rises, creased and cut by deep canyons. Few of the canyons have water; Canon del Perro does. It also has walls 2,000 feet high and it ends in a box. At the vertical headwall, there is only one way on up and out of the Canyon — a precarious passage by the Eyebrow Trail. Dog Canyon is a natural trap.

On February 8, 1859, 32 men, under the command of Lieutenant H.M. Lazelle, left Fort Bliss, Texas, to track down a band of Apaches who had stolen a herd of cattle and some mules three days earlier. Lazelle and his men covered 165 miles in seven days. They found no water along their route. During the sixth day, "the soldiers had a swallow of water, the horses none." At noon on the seventh day, the trail led into Dog Canyon.

The troopers rode unopposed for two and a half miles up the gorge. Then they met a group of 30 warriors, painted and armed but carrying a white flag of truce. The Apaches asked the purpose of the white men's mission and upon learning they were accused of rustling, informed Lazelle they had not stolen the cattle. Some "bad men" did it, they said, adding that they had chased the bad men away and recovered the cattle.

Unconvinced by the tale, Lazelle ignored the white flag and launched an attack. Immediately, he and his men found themselves caught in a withering cross-fire from above. Beleaguered from both sides and the front, Lazelle had no choice but to retreat. Gathering up as many of his wounded as possible he ran the gauntlet out of the canyon, losing several more men along the way.

Not all of Dog Canyon's battles were won by the Indians, however. In 1863, General James H. Carleton ordered Colonel Christopher "Kit" Carson to commence a campaign against the Apaches. In a sweeping pincer move-

ment, Carson sent Major William McCleave's company south from Fort Stanton while Captains Roberts and McKee brought their troops up from El Paso. They planned to meet at Dog Canyon and combine forces in an attack on Apache rancherias in the Sacramentos.

McCleave reached the canyon first. On March 27, he encamped his 79 men and horses, and sent scouts into the ravine. They were quickly back with news of a nearby Mescalero camp, still blissfully unaware of the soldiers presence.

Major McCleave wasted no time in pressing his advantage. The element of surprise was on the side of the cavalry now and they mounted an attack which swept ruthlessly through the

wickiups. The Apaches' resistance, which resulted only in wounding one cavalryman, was quickly broken. The Indians fled and the troopers cut down 25 of them as they scrambled up the slopes.

Once they reached high ground, the Apaches rallied and staged a counter-attack that wounded Lieutenant French and one enlisted man. McCleave's men were flushed now with fighting spirit. They charged straight up the rugged slopes, fighting from boulder to boulder, killing three more Indians and routing the rest. A few days later, the entire Apache band appeared at Fort Stanton and surrendered to Colonel Carson.

Troubles between the White Man and the Apache were far from resolved.



The fierce old Apache Chief Nana. Photo from National Archives.

When reservation life proved intolerable, the Indians once again took to the war path. Throughout the bloody years that followed, Dog Canyon continued to play an important role.

When several settlers were killed along the Rio Ruidoso in May of 1866, Fort Stanton's post commander, L.G. Murphy, dispatched several companies of cavalry to scour the countryside and annihilate the marauders. The troopers found no Indians but near Dog Canyon, they came upon a magnificent stray horse of racing quality. This was proof enough for Murphy that no Apaches were in the Sacramento area. No Indian raiders, Murphy pointed out in correspondence with Carleton, would overlook such a fine stallion when it was theirs for the taking.

Two days later, painted warriors rode out of their hiding place in Dog Canyon and stole the oxen at Nesmith's Mill, the cattle at La Luz and brazenly attacked the village of Tularosa.

Year after year, the fighting raged across the Southwest, until one by one,

the Apache tribes met defeat. In 1881, Nana's raiders became the last hostile Apaches to camp in Dog Canyon.

When the aged Nana fled to Mexico, the canyon at last stood quiet and empty. Only deer drank from its tiny trickle of a stream. Then, in 1884, a man of an entirely different sort entered the sultry ravine.

No one will ever know what drew Francois Jean Rochas to the Canyon of the Dog. No one ever learned why he left his native France, his family and friends to spend his life scratching out a subsistence living, alone in a desolate, desert gorge. To the people of the Tularosa Basin, he was simply Frenchy, the hermit of Dog Canyon.

Frenchy was eccentric, no doubt about that. But he was also a man of great determination and rare courage. His first battle in Dog Canyon was a fight against the land. Frenchy built a crude cabin of native stone. He planted and hand-watered a garden and a small orchard. He even managed to graze a few cattle.

Frenchy won his first battle. The second took place in July of 1886.

One morning, while Frenchy worked in his garden, a horsethief by the name of Morrison crept down from the rocks and opened fire on the old man. The first shot knocked Frenchy to the ground and the second shattered his arm but, somehow, he made it back to his cabin and dragged himself inside.

Throughout the long day, Morrison sat in the shade, waiting for Frenchy to bleed to death. After dark, he kicked open the cabin door and Frenchy's pistol roared. The tough little Frenchman was still very much alive and Morrison ran off through the night, howling in pain.

Frenchy had won his second battle. The third and hardest lay ahead.

The old hermit continued to live alone, jealously guarding his land. The broken-down walls of his cabin stand there to this day — mute reminders of Frenchy's simple life.

Beyond the canyon, on the desert's edge, there was once another home. This second house was a much grander structure than Frenchy's. It boasted of long shady porches, elegant doors and big rooms spread out under an expensive tin roof. The land around it had been called the Dog Canyon Ranch and the man who built it was destined to leave his mark on both the land and the history books. His name was Oliver Lee.

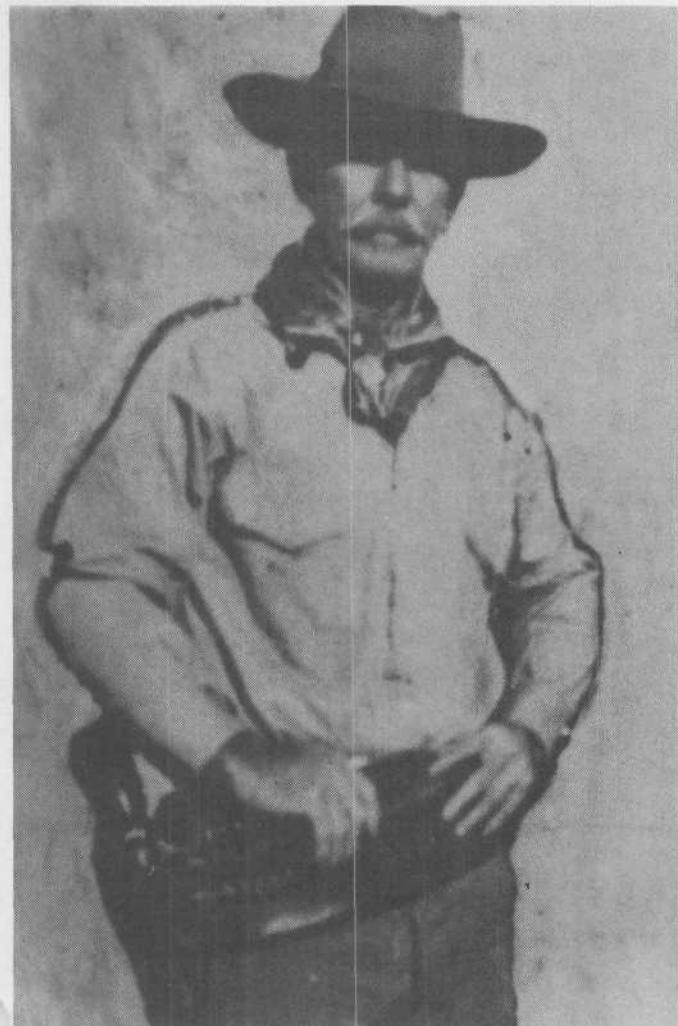
It was a name that came to be feared, hated and respected, a name shrouded in mystery and cloaked in terrible secrets. Oliver Lee gained a reputation so fearful that it has been said children broke into tears when they saw him on the street.

No one stood in Oliver Lee's way for long. In 1888, he clashed with another powerful rancher, John Good, over the proper ownership of several calves.

A few weeks later, Lee's partner, George McDonald, was found murdered at the upper spring in Dog Canyon. Lee's bunch retaliated and John Good's son, Walter, soon turned up dead on the rippled dunes of White Sands. Following the funeral, Lee and his gunmen opened fire on the mourners and the range war was on in earnest.

Nightriders prowled the ranches, houses were burned. Oliver Lee was arrested, tried and acquitted — for no one would testify against him.

John Good knew he was beaten. Within the year, he sold out and moved



*Oliver Lee,
who fought
the last battle
of Dog Canyon.
Photo from
Vincent Lee
collection.*



George McDonald,
Oliver Lee's
partner and murder
victim, whose body
was found in
Dog Canyon.
Photo from
W. H. McNew
collection.

away. Lee's dream of an empire had come true; now, only one man still held out against him — a cranky old Frenchman waiting alone in a little cabin in Dog Canyon.

Three days after Christmas in 1894, a cowboy named Dan Fitchett rode out to pay Frenchy a visit. He found the old recluse dead on the floor of his cabin, a bullet through his chest. Beside him was his old rifle along with three empty cartridges. Frenchy Rochas had died fighting.

There were those who swore it was Oliver Lee who rode up to Frenchy's cabin that night, but none would swear to it in court. Lee's power continued to grow and his name was linked to more mysteries — the disappearance of Albert Jennings Fountain, the death of Pat Garret. Lee only rose higher. He went on to become a State Senator and died of old age in 1941. It seems ironically fitting that the last battle of Dog Canyon was fought by Oliver Lee.

In 1899, an Otero County school teacher, J.C. Smith, challenged Lee's claim to Frenchy Rochas' water rights and held the land for several years. In

1907, he decided to fence off the canyon. For Oliver Lee, that was the last straw. Lee and his men attacked the fencing party and a lively gunfight resulted in J.C. Smith receiving a bullet wound through his hip pocket. Oliver dismissed the whole episode by declaring, "If I'd wanted him dead, I'd have aimed a little higher."

Oliver Lee eventually moved to town and ran his operations from a big house in Alamogordo. Dog Canyon returned to what it had been before the advent of Man — a quiet sanctuary. Today, its trickling stream still polishes the Canyon's rocky floor; its steep walls still bask in the silent sun.

Both historic and beautiful, Dog Canyon must be preserved as it is. Currently, the U.S. Forest Service classifies the upper portion of the Canyon as an Historic Site. Many New Mexico conservationists feel the whole area should receive permanent protection in the Wilderness System. If this is accomplished, generations to come may ride or walk the Eyebrow Trail just as Apache warriors, dusty horse soldiers and warring ranchers did before them. □

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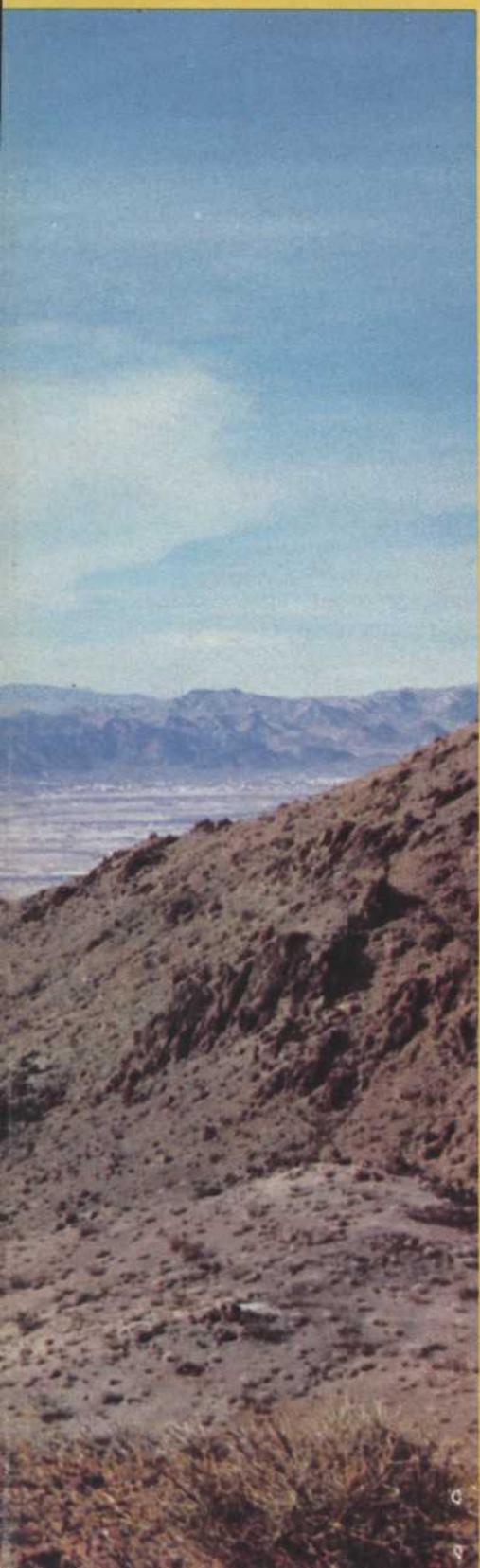
California's Last Frontier



Frontier

Playground

by DEKE LOWE



AS YOU ENTER Baker, California on I-15, a road sign states "Gateway to Death Valley." A famous Death Valley pioneer and desert character, Dad Fairbanks, along with Burr Failings, are the fathers of this well known oasis. Their hospitality was legend in the 1920's. Today, their descendants still offer Old West hospitality in ultra-modern facilities that replaced the old hand-cranked one pump gasoline stations.

Following a fairly level route, it avoids long uphill grades and sharp steep descents and has been the most favored route into Death Valley long before it became a National Monument.

It is also the gateway to "California's Last Frontier Playground" just being discovered. This playground has a surprising variety of interest. Not of the regimented organized variety, but a vast quiet uncrowded desert space. It must be your decision whether to seek semi-precious gemstones, frolic over the sand dunes in a buggy, follow old Indian trails, browse around old long abandoned mines or ghost towns and perhaps discover something so different that no ordinary reasoning will explain.

Baker attracted nation-wide attention recently when strange toothlike clay objects were discovered on the dry sun-baked floor of Silver Lake. The local residents could offer no explanation.

Panorama of Amargosa Valley, with Telescope Peak and the Panamints in the background.

Rumors of outer space activity or a well-planned hoax spread quickly. The effects of viewing the strange objects were mind-boggling. No amount of logic could explain their purpose or how they got there.

The fun and mystery evaporated suddenly when an art group explained they had hand-fashioned and placed them to represent candle flames. As an art project it was great — as a mystery it was super for a while.

Northeast of Baker is Turquoise Mountain. In the 1890's, Tiffany of New York mined turquoise of exquisite quality from old Indian diggings. The old mines are exhausted, but thin veinlets of fine turquoise may still be found in a vast area nearby.

On weekends there is a parade of campers, trucks and motorhomes towing dune buggies. Originating from all points in Southern California and Nevada, they converge on the Dumont Dunes, located 35 miles north of Baker, for a weekend of ecstatic fun.

This is a sport enjoyed by all of the family. From a distance the groups camped over the sands resemble the wagon trains that travelled and rested here over 100 years ago. The Old Spanish Trail and the Mormon Trail followed the Amargosa River and forms the northern boundary of the dunes.

In October 1973, the Bureau of Land Management attempted to close an area, including Dumont Dunes. One group from Nevada, the Las Vegas Sand Gamblers, opposed the closure. They engaged a mining engineer and filed min-

ing claims over the entire area. There is an air of uncertainty among the dune buggy organizations about the future plans of the BLM.

A call to the Riverside office of the BLM provided some answers from a very cooperative Information Officer. The reason for closing any area is to protect animal or vegetation of a unique nature.

He stated the northwest portion of the Dunes are wide open and will remain so. The southwest portion will be for especially designed use. No vehicles except on access roads and controlled camping sites. Other uses may be designated after a fact-finding group, composed of users, residents, and BLM personnel, study their effects. Sperry Wash is open all the way. The only closed area to wheeled vehicles as of now is the Amargosa River in Tecopa Canyon. Hiking is permitted and is posted. Kelso Dunes, southeast of Baker, are totally closed. Maps are available at the BLM office in Riverside on request.

Farther along Highway 127 is the Tecopa Loop. According to local Paiutes, Tecopa means "wildcat watering place." It is located on the Old Spanish Trail blazed by Antonio Armijo in 1829. His diary states, "Arrived at the Amargosa (bitter water) and there were Indians living on the banks but they were peaceable."

The evidence of several Indian cultures is still there. Along the higher

hills bordering the river are numerous sleeping circles. A network of Indian and game trails lead out across the hills to springs such as Saratoga and Ibex Springs in Death Valley. Also to the springs at Shoshone and Resting Springs. Near some of these springs one may find rock hunting blinds. Along the trails are scattered rock road signs or religious shrines. If one is observant, he may notice an acre of ground with perhaps two dozen or more crude rock mosaics. They are so ancient the sun has baked a patina that blends them into the landscape. An early culture buried their dead in rock-covered graves. Near Tecopa is a sacred mountain with a dozen of these prehistoric burials.

Some of the trails were closed. A row of rocks placed across the trail indicates this condition and a branching trail detours. Near Shoshone, on an acre of desert pavement, an Indian maze is outlined in rocks. There are compartments of various sizes and shapes and what appears to be wings leading into the maze. What is it? A game? A ritual? Or could it be a map designating tribal grounds?

In Greenwater Canyon, near Death Valley Junction are petroglyphs, campsites, trails and pas where seeds and nuts were ground. Rarely does one find an artifact, but the pleasure is in seeking out and photographing these samples of bygone artistry.

This hobby can be combined with rock

and gem collecting or exploring historic old mines or ghost towns.

The Gunsight and Noonday Mines and the original town of Tecopa are eight miles from the present Tecopa. Opened in 1865 by Mormon miners, the mines provide historic rock or adobe buildings, dump sites, a graveyard enclosed by a wooden fence held together by square nails and a millsite where the mill hands lived in caves. These places are connected by a system of old deep-rutted wagon roads and can be easily overlooked unless one enjoys the rugged terrain and follows them to their conclusion.

On the Spanish Trail you will be walking where Kit Carson, Pegleg Smith, Fremont and many others of long ago walked Chief Wakara, Ute chieftain, and the Mountain Men drove herds of stolen horses and fought skirmishes with their Mexican pursuers along this trail. In 1844, Kit Carson and Alex Godey tracked a band of Indians with stolen horses and surprised them at Ibex Springs.

Tecopa is still a watering place. On old maps, just off the Spanish Trail, is "Boiling Springs." This is the present Tecopa Hot Springs. The natural hot waters have attracted a large population seeking relief from arthritis, muscular aches and other ailments.

At one time, the Hot Springs were for "Snowbirds" only. However, with air

Sleeping circles by Amargosa River.



Collapsed rock hunting blinds.





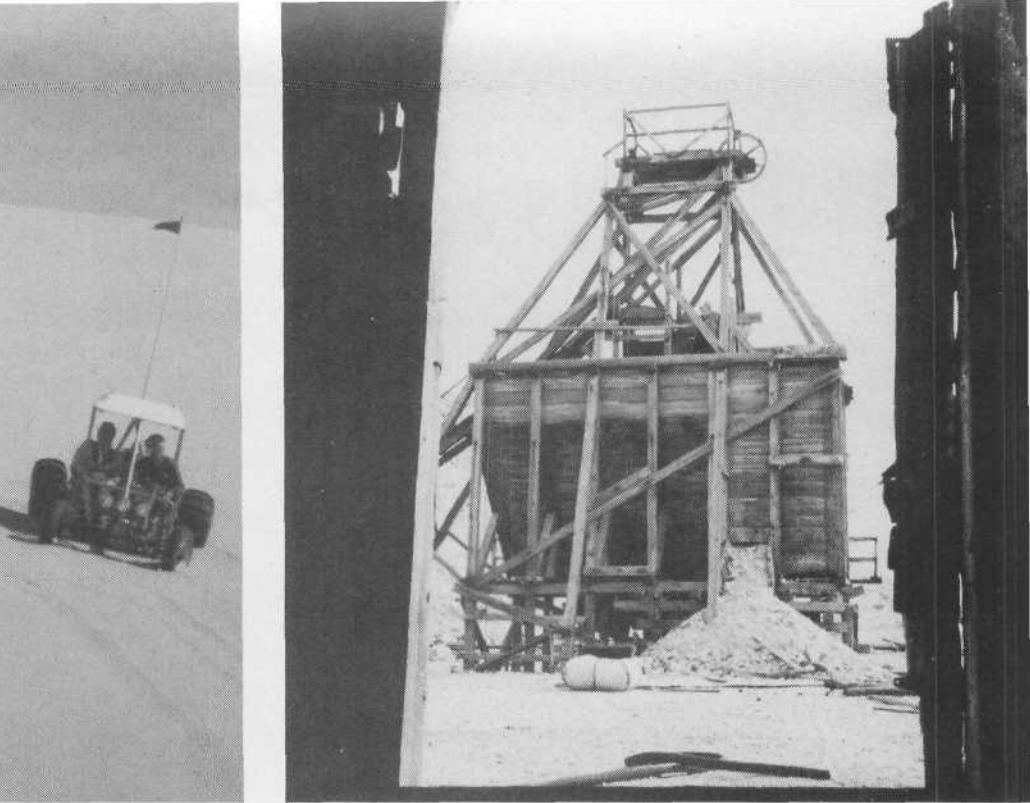
The Lomita Lobos on the Dumont Dunes.

conditioning the year around health seekers increased. Now there is a medical clinic with a full-time nurse and a visiting doctor, also an ambulance service and a fire department.

This is a far cry from the day when the old-time hardrock miners used to come for the 14 day "tobacco cure." From 1865 to the 1930s these springs were used almost solely by them to "boil out." Some, on arrival, quit tobacco and swore the hot water boiled out the nicotine and other impurities through their skin. On checking with two doctors recently, both agreed. The 108-degree water promotes better circulation, cleansing the blood, and perspiration cleanses the pores and body tissues. Therefore, it seems the withdrawal time of the narcotic is greatly speeded by frequent bathing in the hot waters. Smokers take note, but please don't start a rush for the treatment until you have checked with your own doctor.

Many of the Hot Springs users stay at Shoshone, a short drive north on Highway 127. Incidentally, Dad Fairbanks, one of Baker's pioneers, started Shoshone when he moved from the busted boomtown of Greenwater in 1910.

Shoshone has always been a supply point for the Death Valley miners. It is also a good starting point to visit the old copper camp of Greenwater. The remains of Zabriskie town site and the Old Amargosa Borax Works are close by.



Ore bin at the Noonday Mine

Recently, there was a stir of excitement when a winter traveler brought in a mass of metal weighing 50 pounds found in a tin can dump at Greenwater. It was gray and malleable and was thought to be pure silver. An old prospector examined it carefully and pronounced it to be an alloy. This proved to be true. It was type-metal from the Greenwater *Chuckwalla* newspaper which stopped publication in 1908.

Shoshone is where the vanishing speccie "The Old Time Prospector" is making his last stand. They gather at the Gold Mine Rock Shop and swap stories, compare ore samples and plan prospecting trips. There is still gold in "them thar mountains." Ask and they might show you some.

Enroute to Death Valley Junction and close to the main road is the Windcave. From an opening in the limestone mountain a rush of air gushes out. The opening is almost perpendicular and narrow. Efforts to descend have failed. An underground river, the Amargosa, passes a few hundred yards to the east. The popular theory supports the belief that the Windcave is an entry way to a large underground cavern, with the Amargosa flowing through. Perhaps some day the passage will be enlarged and the mystery of the Windcave will be solved.

At Death Valley Junction there is a hum of activity. The huge mission-style building that encloses a large plaza on

three sides had been in a decline for many years. Built by the Pacific Coast Borax of 20-Mule Team fame, it houses their general offices, store, hotel, dormitories, hospital and even a theater. In the manner of the Spanish Mission, it furnished every need to those employed there. Today the entire complex is being restored to its former elegance.

Peter Simon, owner of the Bonnie and Clyde auto, Pops Oasis, Jean, Nevada is the new owner. He collects old towns as well as old autos. He is sole owner of both Jean and Death Valley Junction. A member of the offroad organization SNORE, he plans a race soon between his two towns.

The Amargosa Opera House is operating to a full house. Marta Beckett, famed ballerina, is a very dedicated artist. Many hours of practice daily insures the perfection and beauty of her movements and perfect timing so that during a performance one sits enthralled. The sudden turning on of the lights at the conclusion is a physical shock as one returns to reality.

Tom Williams, manager of the Opera House, has added responsibilities, but it is mostly a labor of love. He is resident manager for Peter Simon and is in charge of the restoration.

Death Valley Junction, of course, is also a gateway to Death Valley and the northern boundary of California's "Last Frontier Playground." □



Left: Looking down on Alamos from Guadalupe Hill.

Below: An old colonial home in ruins.

Opposite Page: The Almada home on the plaza is now Hotel Los Portales.



Alamos: The City that Refused to Die

by JIM SMULLEN

IT'S THE PLACE that produced more wealth in silver for Spain's Charles III than any other region in the empire; it's the home of the Mexican jumping bean; it is where, according to disputed legend, a daughter of the Almadas, wealthy residents, on her wedding day walked over a path of silver bars to her carriage because the plaza was muddy; it's a city where grand houses extended for full city blocks; it's the place from where tiny groups of men and women set out to found the cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles; it's a city that knew the terror of Indian uprisings, floods, plagues and upheavals of revolution; and

It's a place where progress turned away and it was almost dissolved into adobe dust like many others.

But it was a city that refused to die.

The place is Alamos, Sonora, Mexico, hardly a city in today's definition. But her story is filled with drama that could be shared with a town many times her size.

Alamos is 30-odd miles east of Hwy. 15 from Navojoa in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Occidental. In a tropical zone unlike the semi-arid area that surrounds her, Alamos is easy to ignore as the traveler moves south on his way to Mazatlan and Guadalajara. But once visited and explored, Alamos proves to be a



place that allows a rare backward look over the centuries to what Mexico was.

While most other surviving towns and cities of Mexico have moved forward in step with the 20th Century, Alamos purposefully lags behind. Only recently has there been more than one or two telephones there, and it was part of life to line up for long distance calls from the plug-in switchboard just outside the cantina at Los Portales Hotel. Now direct dialing has intruded with micro wave communications tapping the life style.

But all is not lost. The tempo of things is casual, insuring a resistance to change. This has been typical of Alamos history.

One guarantee is that physically Alamos must stay as it was in the Colonial times because the State of Sonora has declared the town a monument, meaning that no high rise structures can break the skyline and that each stone dislodged must literally be put back in place. The paved road leading from Navojoa to Alamos comes to an end at the edge of town, giving way to cobblestones and history.

There have been changes in Alamos, ever so subtle. Like the coming of the gringo. It was back in the '50s, not long after a Pennsylvanian named W. Levant Alcorn discovered Alamos for himself. That was in 1947, and once having seen Alamos, he determined to begin a career of rebuilding the old Colonial homes. Other Americans followed, purchased old ruins, refurnished them to their original splendor and with this Alamos was reborn.

But hundreds of years ago, Alcorn was preceded to the area by other men with other motives. There was Diego de Guzman, a Spaniard who, in 1533, only a dozen years after Cortez' conquest, was seeking Indians for the slave trade. He followed Indian trails and undoubtedly stopped at the place where two arroyos met and rested under the cottonwoods after which Alamos was eventually named. Guzman found the Yaquis most unwilling delegates for the slave business. Following a battle that left many of his men wounded, it is very possible they returned to the place of the two

arroyos to nurse their wounds.

Another individual, Cabeza de Vaca, is said to have come through the site of Alamos from Florida, being the first European to go through Arizona. On reaching Mexico City in 1536, he gave a report to the Viceroy of the Seven Cities of Cibola where "gold and silver could be plucked from the ground." The Viceroy was eager to claim those cities and sent an expedition led by a Franciscan priest, Fray Marcos de Niza, to investigate. Much later, de Niza returned in fright, after losing many men in battles with the Indians. En route, a resting place was the native village of Calimaya where the arroyos met, and when he reached Mexico City, his report was that there were indeed Cities of Cibola where men with "little shovels of gold removed sweat from their bodies."

Next it was Vasquez de Coronado's turn. With a large body of soldiers, he moved north in quest of the golden cities. His log tells of stopping at the two arroyos in 1540. The locale now was called Real de los Frailes for the white rock formations that resembled hooded monks.

The Seven Cities of Cibola never materialized from the dreams of their seekers. But the legend's line with Alamos was most prophetic. Time would pass, however, as nearly a century went by before the Jesuits established a mission at the site of the present Alamos church. That was in 1630 and from then on the wealth of the region revealed itself,





Today's friendly Indians have Easter ceremonial dance. For hundreds of years their dances meant something else.

though there were no men removing sweat from their bodies with "little shovels of gold." Instead, it was silver from the local mines.

Most intriguing find was the discovery at Aduana in 1683. Indians saw a beautiful maiden on a tall cactus. Attempting to rescue her, they rolled large stones to the base of the plant. Looking up, they discovered she had vanished. Then, glancing down to the spot where the stones were dislodged, they saw outcroppings of silver ore. To them, this was a miracle and the founding of a mine at Aduana. Later a church was built on the site of the cactus, and was called Nuestra Senora de Balvanere. A giant cactus, still growing, appeared in the adobe wall as if to confirm the Indians' belief. Although never recognized by the Catholic Church as a miracle, the Bishop in 1737 ordered the celebration of the Fiesta of Nuestra Senora de Balvanere on November 21, an event observed to this day.

This was the time, when beckoned by the discovery of silver, that Europeans were drawn to Alamos. Their houses were primitive, scattered at random, much resembling the Indian huts under the cottonwoods. Many were close to tree platforms where their inhabitants could take refuge from rising waters in the arroyos.

Records show that the name Alamos was adopted in 1686 and the area was becoming well known. Father Eusebio

Kino, in his task of establishing missions, stopped there in 1687 to acquire funds.

In that year, there were problems. The Tarahumara Indians (known as the fastest humans as they hunted deer by running them down) struck the area from their stronghold in the mountains. Alamos became the headquarters of the defending Spanish soldiers. General Andre de Rezebal ordered a watch tower erected on a high hill where a bell would be rung warning of an Indian attack. The hill became known as Cerro de la Campana, or bell hill.

Next came an assay office in 1690 and Alamos became headquarters for trains of a thousand mules and drivers carrying silver to Mexico City. The caravans continued to 1850.

The growth of Alamos came to full measure in the 1700s. It lay directly on the Camino Real, the highway extending north on the route of the missions. But there were troubles. Abuses caused an uprising among the Yaquis and Mayo Indians in 1737. Calixto Muni, Yaqui leader, was victorious in 1740, destroying several towns. Six thousand Indians moved on Alamos, but the miners held them at bay until 1741 when Spanish soldiers arrived. In the following battle, 3,000 Indians were killed at Cerro de Atanahui, the "Hill of Bones."

There followed a short peace but also drouth and hard times. The Inspector General came in 1748 and was appalled that the town was so poorly laid out. But

there was a greater problem: a plague in 1750 caused the deaths of 6,000 people. The same year the King sent in a surveyor to properly arrange the streets.

Wealth now distinguished Alamos. Visitors came away telling how the richest mines in the world afforded the women of the town with imported finery from Europe and the Orient brought to the coast by Philippine galleons. Better and bigger homes were built and all of the display was possible despite the contribution of the "King's Fifth" of the gross production of silver. Disruption occurred when in 1767 Charles III expelled the Jesuits because they attempted to prevent abuses of Indian laborers in the mines, jeopardizing the revenue.

Alamos was to continue to thrive and a Royal Treasury was established, one function to provide quicksilver for separation of the silver from the ore. Because the Russians and English were extending their frontiers far to the north next to Spain's upper California, it became necessary to stop the threat of intrusion. In 1776, Capt. Juan de Bautista de Anza and 177 people — 49 from Alamos — settled in San Francisco. The government provided the colonists with everything from "shoes to hair ribbons."

In the year 1780, Alamos' affluence reached its peak. Everything flourished. Carriages passed through the streets in proud processions and life was most genteel. A minor foot note in 1781 affairs records that 46 people left Alamos. Their destination: founding of Los Angeles.

By the 1790s a new church was planned but a controversy lingers as to its actual beginning. The corner stone claims it was laid in 1803, but other records show the structure was started in 1786. Regardless, it became a civic project, some contributing money, others materials, and still others labor. Ladies were asked to donate at least one plate from their fine table settings to be inserted at the base of the pilaster in the tower where they can be seen even today. The church was the finest in all Sonora with the altar created of silver and bronze in Oaxaca.

In 1827, Alamos was made the capital of the state of Occidente, comprised of what is now Sonora and Sinaloa. This was the time of the Almadas, an influential family who owned silver mines and was active in leadership of this most prosperous of cities north of Guadalajara. Their home, fronting on the Plaza de las

Armas and across from the church, is now the Hotel Los Portales. Another hotel, the luxurious Casa de los Tesoros, was the house where the priest had lived.

Splendid living could only prove the root of more problems for Alamos. With Hidalgo's Grito de Dolores (cry of freedom) in 1810, Mexico began its fight for independence from Spain. But the citizens of Alamos remained Imperialists. Indians became their immediate problem as the Seris, Apaches and Pimas took advantage of the emptied Spanish garrisons, the soldiers going south to fight.

In 1821, Mexico was independent but a delayed blow fell on Alamos. Price of quicksilver suddenly tripled under the new government, whereas under Spanish rule the low price was practically a subsidy. With the exception of the mines with the highest yield, mining wealth was at an end.

Alamos became a part of the state of Sonora, and there were more Indian uprisings but much more disturbing was the division of government between the Centralists (church party) and the Federalists. True to a pattern that was forming, Alamosans favored the Centralists and the Federalists invaded Alamos extracting a tribute of \$50,000 pesos. The Mexican War with the U.S. drained manpower and money and then came the discovery of gold in California. Sonorans flocked north and Alamos, once with a population between 15,000 and 30,000, was reduced to 4,000. No longer was the Camino Real an artery of trade. Shipping chose the coastal waters where there were no threats of Indian raids.

Always on the side of the conservatives in controversy, the citizens of Alamos lined up with the French forces who landed in Guaymas in 1865 and proceeded to the town in the name of Maximilian. During the French occupation, partial prosperity returned. But in 1866 the Imperialists, under the command of Colonel Jose Almada, were attacked and defeated. The victors stripped the church of its valuables and plundered the town. French troops left Mexico in 1867 and Maximilian was executed that June.

In the years that followed, there were never-ending floods where hundreds of buildings were destroyed. But there was some progress: a telegraph in 1886, a hospital in 1887, a stage line in 1888, a water system in 1895, and a railroad in 1907.

In the early 1900s, the mines opened again. But not for long. The Madera Revolution of 1911 erupted. He came to Alamos that year but wasn't allowed to speak. Alamos favored Orozco of Chihuahua who fought a battle in Alamos and lost. Madera became President and then was assassinated. The country was fractionalized and Alamos favored Huerta. The town saw another battle in which Colonel Benjamin Hill was the victor and demanded his tribute. Then came the troops of Pancho Villa who fought the townspeople at the foot of Guadalupe Hill. Villa himself never came to Alamos, but bullet marks still show as the result of the battle.

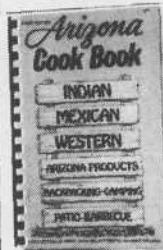
Following the Revolution, Alamos nearly became a ghost town; the railway was gone. There was an effort to cultivate silk worms and on a modest basis, the more productive mines were reactivated. Prosperity can emerge from strange sources. A man named Hernandez learned that the gringos were fascinated with the little beans whose larvae infestation at certain times of the year made them wiggle. He made a fortune hiring people to harvest the worthless beans for the crazy gringo.

Alamos today isn't the liveliest place in Mexico. But it is perfect for the retired Americans who have adjusted to its leisure and have rebuilt the splendor of those old homes. They relax in front of Los Portales Hotel, gaze across at the old church that has witnessed battles and intrigue, watch vendors move about the Plaza de las Armas, and exchange stories about the friendly ghosts they swear inhabit their old mansions.

Alamos refused to die over the years. It has survived much and promises to go on, now enjoying much quieter days. □

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The Treasure of San Pedro Martir

by HAROLD O. WEIGHT

LONG UNKNOWN and still mysterious, Baja California is the natural home of legends. And in all that beautiful peninsula there is no more likely place for hidden wonders than the great canyons that gash the eastern escarpment of the Sierra San Pedro Martir. This is the tale of a lost treasure in a lost cave in one of those canyons. Or is it an almost classic example of the way some such legends originate, mutate and blossom?

You must judge.

Clyde R. Stewart told me the story more than 20 years ago. Clyde — explorer, prospector, miner and boomer — heard it long, long before that, from the man who in 1906 guided Arthur W. North in a hazardous midsummer journey across the San Pedro Martir and the San Felipe desert below. *Camp and Camino in Lower California*, a fascinating account of his peninsula wanderings that North published in 1910, contains no mention of this treasure. Nevertheless, North is responsible for the story.

North determined to challenge the eastern face of the San Pedro Martir, with its almost sheer 5000 to 8000 foot descents, after exploring the high meadows that gem its crest. He planned to re-outfit at Socorro, an old placer camp near the Meling Ranch. Animals and supplies proved available, but no guide — Indian or Mexican — was willing to go with him. They did not know those obscure trails. Or the trails were impassable. To go in August was certain death. To go at all was possible death — those were "bad Indians" over there. And when North stubbornly determined to go alone, his American friends fought what they believed a lethal foolhardiness.

The problem was solved by the arrival of a man North had met months before at San Antonio del Mar. North called him the "Colonel" — the quotation marks are his — and never named him in any other way. He had come, the Colonel declared with habitual profanity, to tell North that if he was so hell-fired determined and so foolish as to go down into those deserts in August, and nobody else would guide him, he would.

The Colonel was "of long locks and matted beard, sharp-eyed, slight, wiry and agile, part and parcel of his steed." By his own statements — the only data available — he had served in the Con-





Right: This old sign, photographed some forty years ago, marks many of the points of the lost treasure story. San Pedro Martir and its canyons—Algodes is a far-southern one—San Felipe, where North and Garrett touched the coast, and the road through San Matias Pass to Valle Trinidad, where they heard the story of las jarras viejas. Photo by Randall Henderson. Below: Clyde R. Stewart, who learned the story of the treasure cave from Garrett, and planned to go with him to relocate it. Photographed by the author at Stewart's cabin at Picacho on the Colorado River, in 1951.

federate Secret Service at the age of 12. After the Civil War, he had been a cowpuncher in Texas, an Indian fighter in Colorado, and a gambler at Deadwood, South Dakota. In 1887, he had shifted south across the Border to stay.

Clearly the Colonel was an expert on this wild country. North's friends withdrew their objections. Timoteo, a young Mexican who had packed for North, decided that if the Colonel led, he could follow.

Many immense canyons, from Agua Caliente at the south to del Diablo at the north, plunge down the Gulf face of the San Pedro Martir. North chose Santa Rosa for his descent because it was threaded by an "ancient and forgotten camino," but soon decided their trail down this "frightful arroyo" was one of the two most diabolical in all Lower California. Nor was he any happier at the bottom. There was frost when they started from the mountain top, but when they camped on the sandy canyon floor that night the temperature was 112° at 7:45 p.m.

North described the days that fol-

lowed as "a kaleidoscopic nightmare of privation and strain" as they fought their way up the San Felipe desert, "contending against the frightful heat and the impending danger of yet more frightful thirst." When they rounded the northern spurs of the San Pedro Martir, Timoteo took an easy trail back home. North and the Colonel climbed through low San Matias pass to rest in Valle Trinidad before daring the blazing lower desert to the head of the Gulf.

If the treasure cave was discovered, it was on the portion of the journey they had then completed. North did not mention it, but then he did not see it. It is possible that the Colonel, with plans of his own, did not mention it to him.

From first reading of North's book, the Colonel intrigued me. Why did North use quotation marks? Why didn't he give the man's name? Clyde Stewart gave me the answers as he recounted one of his adventures in Baja California, where he had wandered and explored at various times from 1910 into the 1930s

"I had been over at the Potrero and Wecks Creek, prospecting," he said

"I was heading for the old Socorro placers. I run into an old American named Ike Garrett down there at La Concepcion. That was the name of his ranch, and he was the only one there. He was sick and he was tickled to see me. He asked if I was in a hurry.

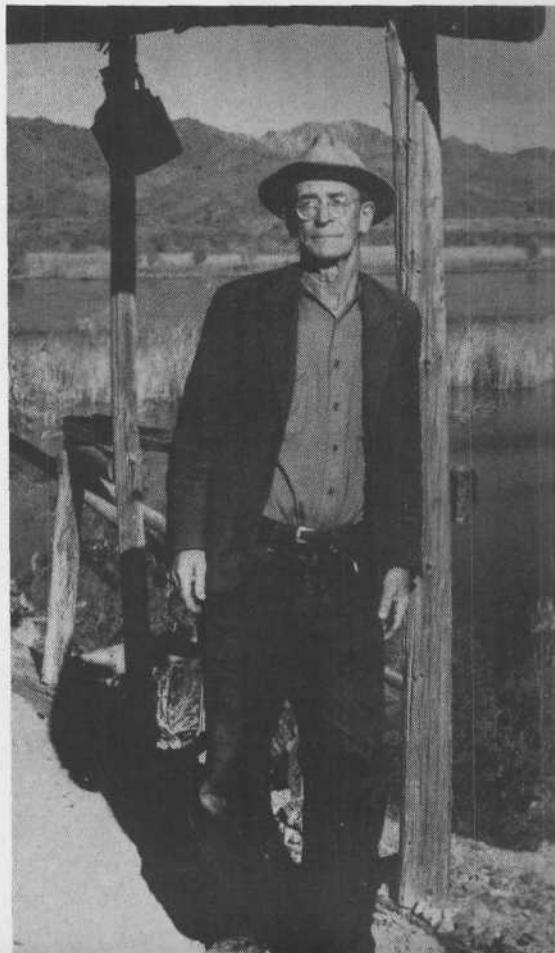
"It was only four miles further from his place at Socorro, so I says: 'Hell no. I ain't in no hurry. I've got from now on.'

"Well, I'll tell you," he says. "I've got lots of beans and corn and spuds planted. They've got to be irrigated, and I'm just crawling barely. I ain't able to do it. I got no money till I can sell some of the crop. But if you'll stay here and do the irrigating for me, I'll give you all the corn and beans and spuds you can use as long as you want to stay at Socorro."

"I stayed there with him just about a month. Then about the last week he told me about a trip he'd made. Did you ever read the history of the northern district of Baja California, by North?"

North's books are not widely known, but one could never guess what "Studie" had seen, heard, read or done. Yes — I had read North's books.

"Well, this Garrett, this guy I stayed



with, he packed North on his ridings. Reading that book, when you come to where it says the 'Colonel' — that's Ike Garrett.

"He done all North's camping and his cooking and his packing. Took him from San Antonio del Mar over across the San Pedro Martees and down by the Red Hills. That's a bunch of red mountains out at the mouth of Agua Caliente Canyon. It's 70 miles just as straight as you can cut across the country to San Felipe, on the Gulf. But North saw those red hills and he went over there, 25 miles off the road. It took him a day to get all the writing he wanted about that. It was one or two o'clock when they got up opposite El Cajon Canyon in the San Pedro Martees. They stopped for dinner.

"They had about five gallons of water left. From then on they'd keep getting farther away from any place where Garrett knew there was water. He told North: 'By staying down there as long as you did, we ain't got enough water to take us to San Felipe. The animals need water. You camp here. I'll take them where they can drink and get a little green grass. It'll be nine or 10 tonight before I get back.'"

Garrett left all the water with North, gathered the water cans and canteens and started up.

"I didn't go up El Cajon," he told Stewart. "I went up a canyon between there and Providencia Canyon I knew there was water in. When I got about

half a mile from the water, I seen an old trail going up the side of the hill. I'd been in there twice before and never noticed it."

He took the animals on up to water, let them drink, then turned them loose to browse. He went back down canyon "to find out where that damn trail went."

It went up the hillside four or five hundred feet. There it seemed to end against a solid rock face. But two great flat rocks were pushed up against the cliff, and Garrett could see an opening behind them. The space between the rocks would not permit him to enter. He found a branch of dead pinyon, about three feet long and a foot thick, and with it twisted and pried between the big rock slabs until he was able to squeeze through. He had about 15 or 20 matches in his pocket, and used them all in examining the cave.

"There was three big iron boxes in there, with chains around them and locks on them," he told Stewart. "And three bells. Three old mission bells. One of them was cracked."

Garrett did not tell Stewart the story just to be yarning. He had a proposition.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You're a miner. You know how to handle dynamite. You go on over to Socorro and look around for a week or two, then come back. I'll go down and see Old Man Johnson at the Potrero, and get him to come up here and stay and take care of

the place. I'll get the dynamite while I'm down a-getting Johnson.

"Then me and you'll go over there. We'll blow them damn chains and locks off and see what's in them chests. And we'll split it three ways."

If you are a follower of lost mine and lost treasure stories, you know what happened next. Folklorists call it a motif and have even given a number to it. But I can testify from personal experience it is God's own truth that it can and does happen.

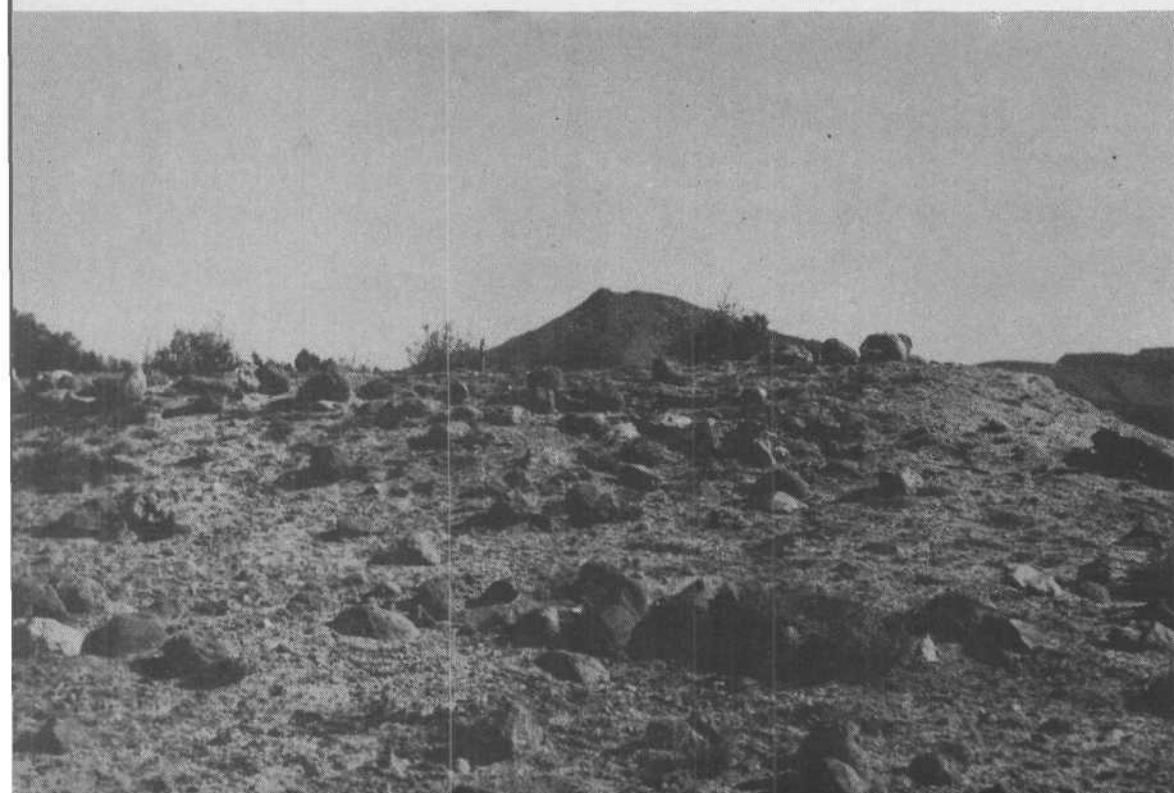
"Garrett went down to get Johnson," Stewart said. "I went to Socorro and I come back and waited. He got down to Johnson's and he got sick and died. At Johnson's house.

"So I don't know what's in them chests. But I think it's true. I don't think there's any doubt but what Garrett found it. And I know it's between El Cajon Canyon and Providencia Canyon. But which canyon? There's about 15 miles there, and three or four canyons — big canyons, that is.

"I do know Garrett packed North over there. And North asked him if he could use his name in the book.

"He says: 'No. You can't use my name. You can call me anything you want besides Garrett.'

"Because, he told me, he had killed a man in Texas. And he beat it out to California. He was wanted for murder and they got on his trail. He got wind of it and headed down into Baja Cali-



Nothing remains of
Dominican Mission
Santa Catarina, destroyed
by Indians in 1840,
except melted adobe and
scattered stones.
It is speculated
that the cave treasure
came from this mission.
Randall Henderson photo.

The San Pedro Martir from the San Felipe desert.

Picacho del Diablo is high peak at center. Canyon with the treasure cave might have been one to the left of the high peak. Photo by Randall Henderson.

fornia. And he wouldn't change his name for nobody, he said, but he didn't want anybody knowing where he was."

About eight years ago, after I published Stewart's theory about the location of lost Mission Santa Ysabel, I received a letter from one of his old compadres:

"I first became acquainted with Clyde Stewart in 1928 when he worked on the same job in El Centro. He was just out of Mexico and saving up a grubstake to go back again. I next met him in Calexico in 1935. In the spring of 1939, we worked some placer together in Oven Canyon, below Picacho on the Colorado River. Naturally we talked shop, and he told me much of Lower California. I just wonder if he told you of the seven iron boxes. Their lids were padlocked and they were chained to one wall of a tunnel. We talked of going down there to look, but just never got to it."

Seven chests? Stewart was gone then, having died in 1963. So I wrote, asking for any additional information he might have given his friend. There was no answer.

If there is such a cave with ancient iron chests in that remote and lonely place, whence came its treasure? Would you opt for the fabulous but never authenticated hoard of the Jesuits?

When Randall Henderson attempted in 1934 to scale Picacho del Diablo, San Pedro Martir's highest peak, two mem-

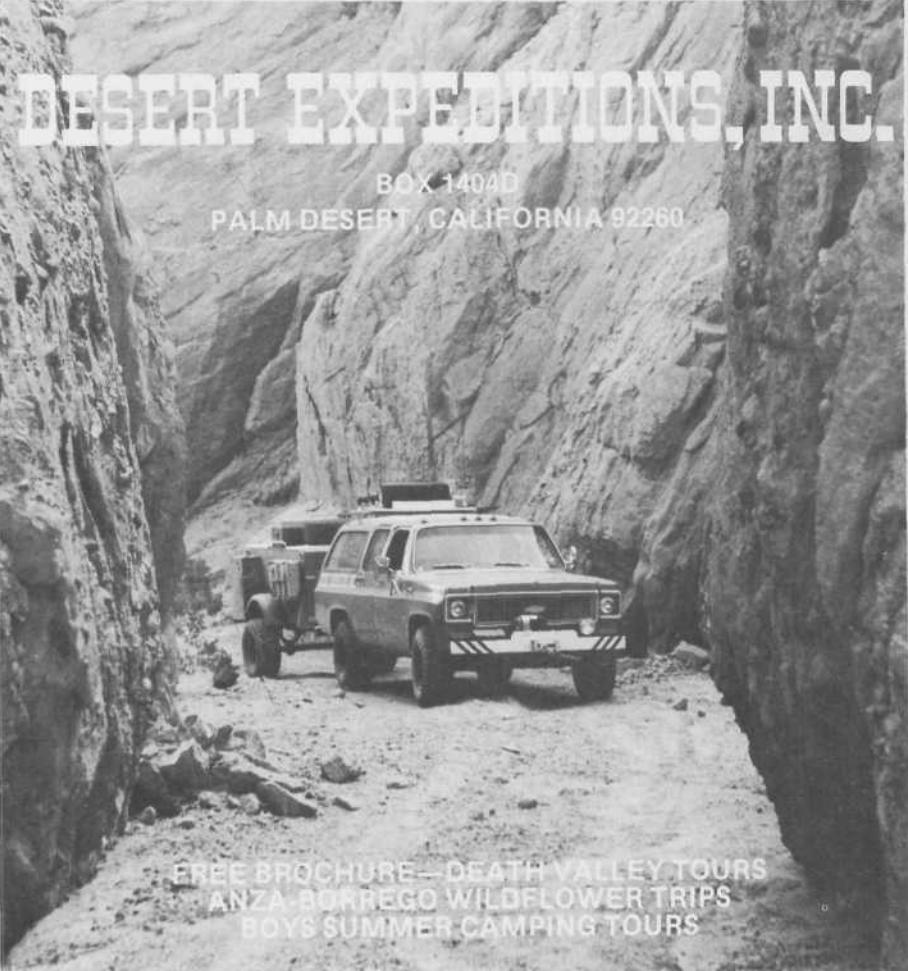
bers of the party who stayed below searched unsuccessfully for just that treasure. Their waybill, which they said came from the book, *Journey of the Flame*, was that before their expulsion

from New Spain (1767-1769), the Jesuits concealed gold and jewels in a cave at the base of a 7000-foot cliff on the Gulf side of the San Pedro Martir near lost Mission Santa Ysabel.



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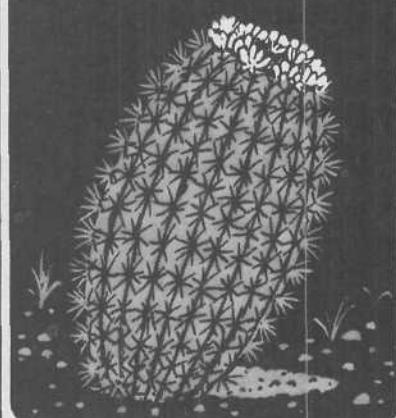
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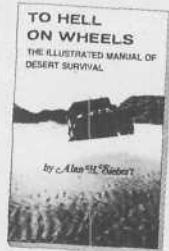


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East face of the San Pedro Martir, taken from the dry lake in San Felipe valley, probably 1934. Picacho del Diablo, highest peak in the range is behind car, as is La Providencia Canyon. Treasure cave was reported as in a canyon south of La Providencia but north of El Cajon. Photo by Randall Henderson.

The Journey of the Flame, published in 1933, is a classic, a joy to read, but a marvelous mélange of fact, fiction and legend with no sure way of distinguishing between them. It was published as by Antonio de Fierro Blanco but the author was Walter Nordhoff. Nordhoff was the son of Charles Nordhoff, noted author whose promotional guidebook, *Peninsula California*, was published in 1887, and the father of the Charles Nordhoff who wrote *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Walter Nordhoff was managing his father's 50,000-acre ranch near Ensenada at the same time Garrett and North were in Baja California. Lawrence Clark Powell says that *Journey of the Flame*

is both good fiction and good history. Nordhoff said: "In the main every statement made therein is truthful, though some are founded on legends and family traditions."

Journey of the Flame does indeed assert that Jesuit treasures were taken across the Gulf into the canyons of the San Pedro Martir. But it says that Mission Santa Ysabel itself lay at the base of an impassable 7000-foot cliff in those mountains, accessible only by a mountain sheep's trail which mules could negotiate, and that the treasure was buried near the mission. No mention of a cave, so whence came that tantalizing addition supporting Garrett's story?

Perhaps instead of the Jesuits' riches you would prefer the cargo of one of the early Spanish ships lost in the Gulf — even the Lost Ship of the Desert. Or loot from the treasure ship of English pirate Thomas Cavendish, last seen at the Gulf mouth.

But there are other fascinating and perhaps more plausible alternatives. The ruins of Dominican Mission Santa Catarina de los Yumas lie only about 60 road miles from the area where the cave must be. Santa Catarina was burned by "wild Indians" in 1840. But the sacristan, who had charge of sacred vessels and such wealth as the mission possessed, es-

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Continued on Page 46

Desert Plant Life

by JIM CORNETT

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ONE HUNDRED FIFTY million years ago, a wonderful thing happened to plants: the flower. Evolving primarily to attract pollinating insects, there are now known to be over 250,000 species of these lovely and fragile plant ornaments.

The desert sunflower, *Geraea canescens*, happens to be one of these 250,000 flower-producing plants. It is an abundant spring annual often covering vast stretches of sandy desert basins. Seldom the dominant flower, *Geraea* must share what little moisture is available with other annuals such as the primrose and sand verbena. The Mojave and Sonoran Deserts are home for this sunflower which may begin blooming as early as January in the warmer portions of its range.

The desert sunflower is not difficult to identify if a few simple characteristics can be remembered. The numerous flower petals are bright yellow or golden and completely encircle the center forming what is known as the corolla. The slender stems are rough to the touch with very short coarse hairs. The leaves

usually have smooth margins and are longer than they are wide. Desert sunflowers are quite conspicuous, their 10-12 inch stems raising them higher than most other annuals.

In some localities *Geraea* may bloom in the fall if early winter rains sufficiently moisten the soil. This gives the local animals an extra bonus as they normally cannot count upon flowers and the resultant seeds being produced in the fall. Bees are usually the first to visit sunflowers after they have bloomed. These insects are after the nectar for their winter stores. Kangaroo rats do not waste any time either as they busily gather up the seeds produced after the flower has wilted. Even the roots may be utilized by pocket gophers who nibble away from below.

Primitive man apparently did not find any particular use for this sunflower except perhaps to pause and sniff its sweet fragrance. The desert sunflower is a member of the plant family known to botanists as Asteraceae which does have many edible plants. It would be interesting to learn if the desert sunflower, *Geraea canescens*, is one of these. □

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Hornitos, California

LOCATION: Hornitos is located on Mariposa County Road J-16, 11 miles west of the community of Bear Valley and California Highway 49.

BRIEF HISTORY: Hornitos had a reputation. In a few words that reputation said: "Watch out, Hornitos is a rough town!" In 1849, as gold seekers moved down the streams from the Mother Lode, the mining camp of Quartzburg sprang to life in the rolling hills of Mariposa County. As in most mining towns, the population was a mixture of Americans, Mexicans, Chinese and others.

Quartzburg's Americans did not like the idea of having Mexican miners in their midst. So, in 1850, at the invitation of a vigilante committee, the Mexicans left Quartzburg and moved three miles downstream to build their own town. They called it Hornitos.

Gold was plentiful, and Hornitos grew quickly. The town was built around a plaza and a large Catholic church was erected, complete with stone buttresses. The influence of Mexican tradition and customs could be seen everywhere.

Hornitos' gold attracted more than Mexican miners. With those miners came saloons, fandango halls and girls. With the inevitable Chinese came opium and opium dens, and with the equally inevitable roughnecks and outlaws came fights and murders. It is said that, at Hornitos, there was blood on every doorstep. If the town was really as tough as it was reputed to be, the phrase "Watch Out!" would not have said enough.

At least in part, Hornitos' reputation came from the story that a man who became a legend lived there. His name, in fact or in fiction, was Joaquin Murieta. The question still persists. Was



St. Catherine's Catholic Church, built in 1862, would appear as if it were transplanted from New England were it not for its stone buttresses. Near the church are tombs which have the appearance of ovens. Hornitos means "little ovens" in Spanish.

there, really, a Joaquin Murieta? The legend says there was and, as with most legends, the story is based, at least partially, on fact.

There were bandits in the Mother Lode Country during gold rush days, they did steal and murder, and some of them were Mexicans. When others wanted, right or wrong, to blame a crime on a Mexican, that Mexican's name always seemed to be "Joaquin."

In 1853, the California Legislature offered a lawman named Harry Love a reward of \$5,000 to capture or kill the notorious bandit named "Joaquin." No last name was given. Love killed his prey and returned to collect his reward. The dead Mexican, according to Love, had been the much feared Joaquin Murieta. According to other Mexicans the dead man's last name had been Valenzuela, not Murieta, but, guilty or innocent, bandit or not, his first name had been Joaquin.

Within a few years of Joaquin's death, fiction writers took over and spun tales of a gold country Robin Hood, named Joaquin Murieta, who robbed from the rich and gave to the poor. Each story ended with the otherwise fictional hero dying at the hands of one Harry Love. In 15-cent paperback, "Joaquin" the bandit became Joaquin Murieta the legend.

In fiction more than in life, a man (or men) became the hero of a people, a place, and an era. The citizens of no less than half a dozen gold towns claim that Joaquin Murieta lived or killed there.

Hornitos is no exception. Today, in that quiet little community, there is a marker locating Murieta's own secret tunnel. His escape route from the local fandango hall. In a sense it is a shame that there are those who think the tunnel was really only used to move beer barrels from a storeroom to the dance hall. After all, it is not right to tamper with a legend!

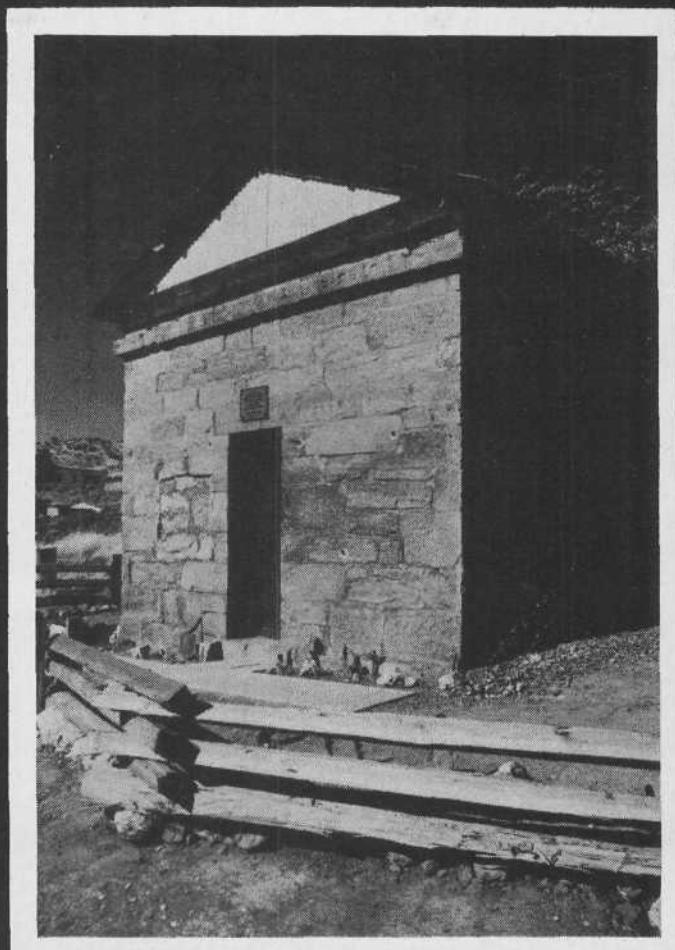
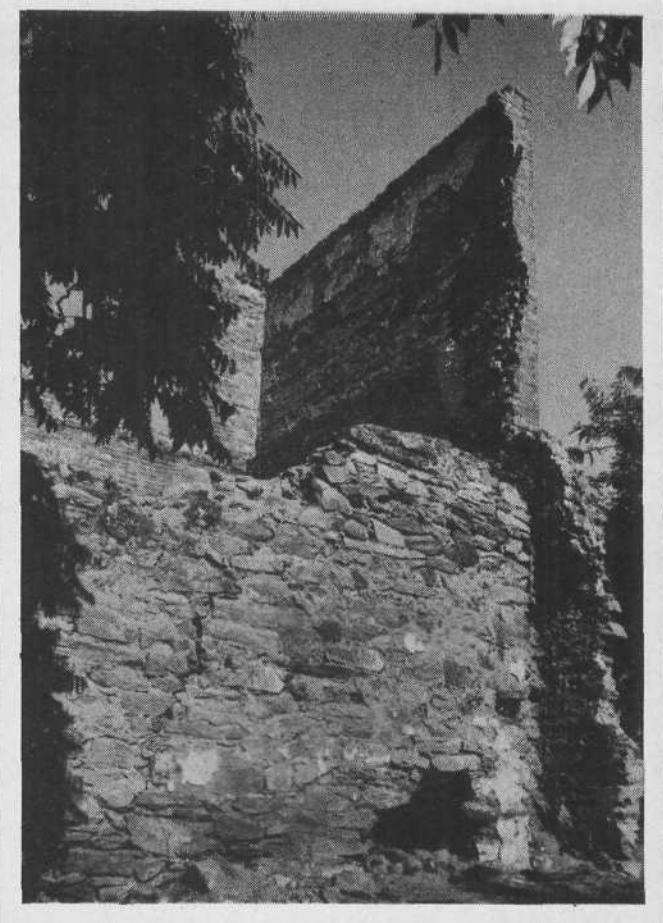
HORNITOS TODAY: Hornitos remains unspoiled. It is not on the pathway of most gold country tourists. Today, its peaceful streets seem to contradict its earlier reputation as a tough town.

Many of the buildings along Hornitos' main street date from the 1850's. Some, such as those around the old plaza and St. Catherine's Church, are still in use. Others, such as one of the original Ghirardelli stores, are in ruins or abandoned.

It is just for the reason that Hornitos is off the beaten track that it remains one of the best living examples of a California gold rush town. □

Above: Only the walls still stand to show the location of one of the first stores operated by D. Ghirardelli & Company, famous San Francisco chocolate firm. The ruins are across from a Mexican-style plaza on Hornitos' main street.

Below: Hornitos' jail once housed prisoners from what was called the "wildest and most wicked city in the Southern Mines." The two-foot-thick walls hold iron rings used for securing leg irons.



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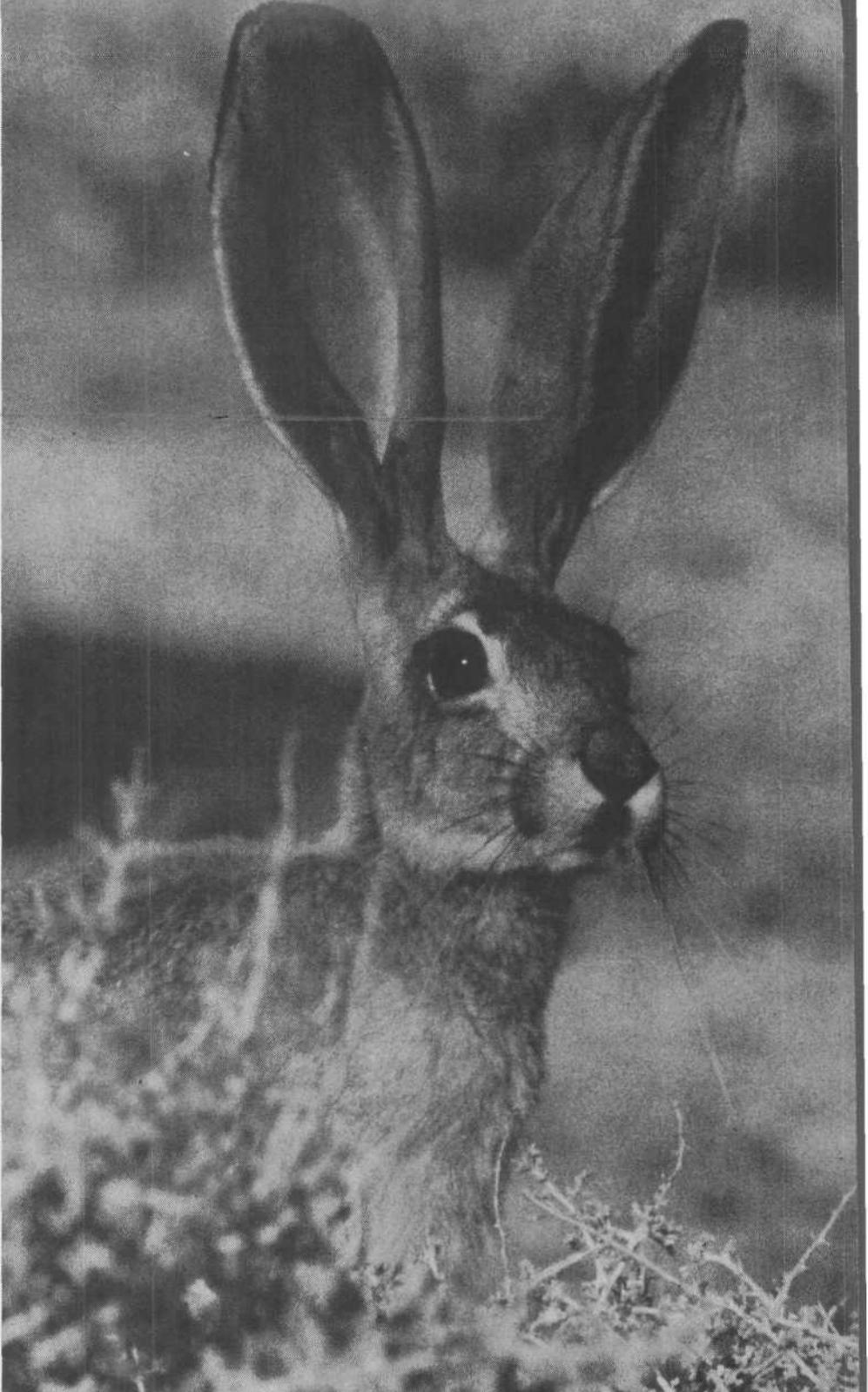
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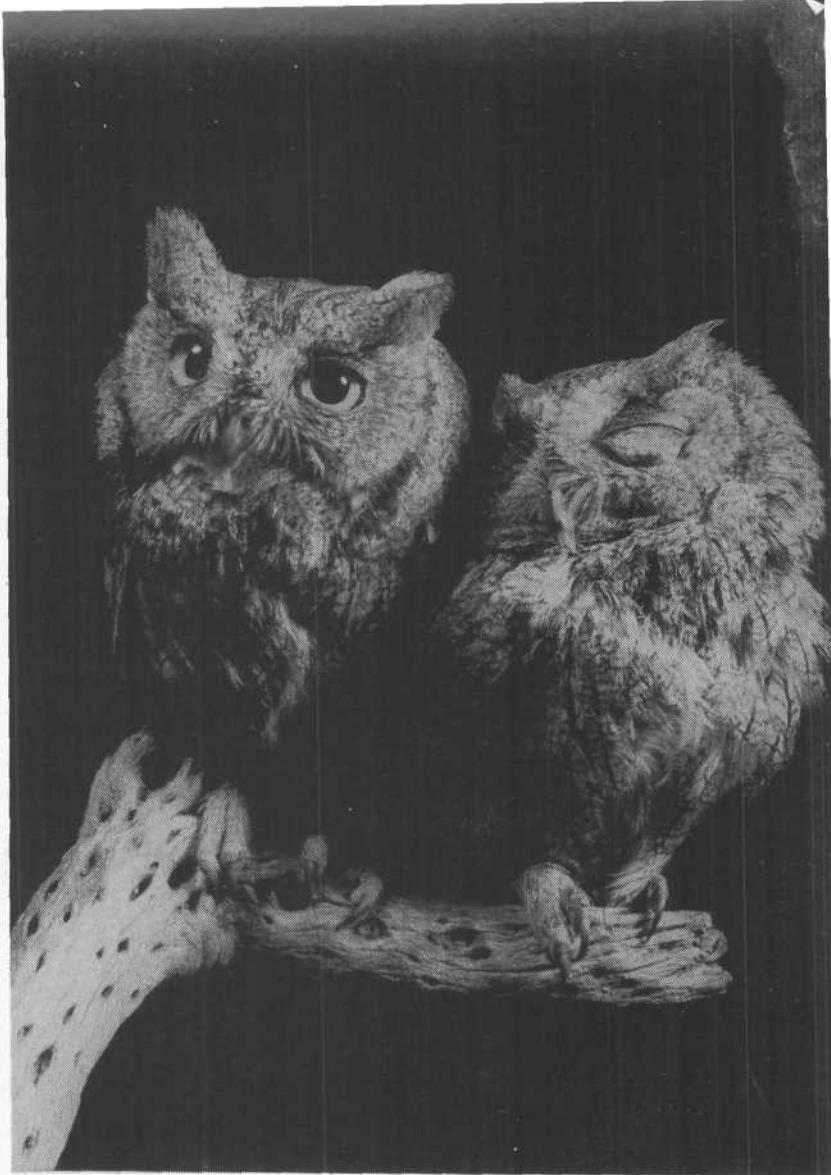
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by
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HALITE: New No. 2 in Hardness

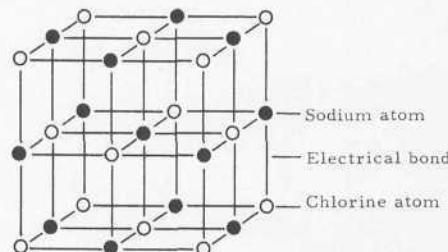
THE NAME HALITE is undoubtedly new to most people, but the mineral is not; this is common table salt! Thus the choice of this mineral as number 2 on the new scale is a good one as far as familiarity and commonness is concerned. The name is from the Greek — *halos*, salt.

For those that wish to become acquainted with the mineral halite, we can start with the salt shaker. Slight magnification of the "grains" will reveal that they are perfect cubes. These nearly identical sized crystals were grown in a manufacturing plant, from a brine, under carefully controlled conditions. These tiny crystals would not be of much use for hardness tests, but nature commonly produces crystals up to an

inch across, and much larger crystals are known.

The fact that halite forms cubic crystals is very important as far as a hardness indicator is concerned. Cubic crystals are unique in that all properties within and without do not vary with any direction or on any crystal face. Thus a scratch across any portion of a piece of halite will offer exactly the same resistance in any direction.

Halite is one of the simplest compounds to be found in nature. It is a combination of the metal sodium and the gas chlorine, which the chemist writes as NaCl, and calls sodium chloride. An atom of sodium is tied, with an electrical bond, to four atoms of chlorine in four directions. The same is true for an atom of chlorine, tied to four sodium atoms. This makes a box-like lattice that will form into a cube, as in the drawing.



A Crystal Lattice of Halite (ordinary salt).

The mineral will split (cleave) into cubes parallel to the crystal faces and along the bonds between the atoms.

The behavior of salt when in solution is of interest to us. When salt becomes dissolved, the bonding of the cubic lattice comes apart, with the sodium atoms becoming disassociated from the chlorine atoms. Each floats freely within the solution. Each atom now occupies far less space than the molecule when they were tied to each other. Thus the individual atoms (now called ions) can pass through very small openings in a membrane. Thus if a plant or animal needs to absorb salt, and not another chemical that does not ionize, all it needs is to have a membrane with openings just large enough to admit the sodium and chlorine ions, but block the passage of larger particles. This process is known as osmosis. Actually, salt is a great promoter of osmosis. The process works on the basis that a solution of

lesser density (with little or no dissolved solids) will tend to be attracted through a membrane, to a solution of greater density. The process of osmosis tends to operate until each liquid is the same density of solution.

If a plant needs to take in water, all that is necessary is to have a solution of greater density inside of a membrane, and openings in the membrane of the correct size to admit only the materials it needs. A solution of halite of about one percent or less usually works nicely for this purpose.

Animals use the same method of absorbing foods during digestion. All a cell needs is to maintain a slightly dense salt solution inside, over that of the liquids outside of its cell wall — osmosis again.

As we all know, common salt is necessary for the correct functioning of all living things. Each of us must have a certain amount of salt in our blood and tissues. The effects of lack of salt is first noticed with aching muscles. If the lack continues, or becomes acute, what is known as heat exhaustion follows. If the shortage is not remedied, death can be the result.

Conversely, too much salt can result in what can plainly be called poisoning. In spite of reports to the contrary, almost no living things can subsist on a diet of sea water, unless some special adaptations are developed.

Certain plants, especially those known as mangroves, can grow and thrive in sea water, but each must dispose of the excess salt in some manner. One of the most interesting of these is found in the waters of the Gulf of California, in Mexico. The plant, looking much like a very large shrub, actually has its roots in salt water estuaries and takes this water into its system. The leaves are specially adapted to excrete an excess salt solution through pores and onto the leaf surface. The water then evaporates, encrusting the leaf with tiny salt crystals. These can easily be seen by the sun glistening on them.

This was first shown to us by a Mexican friend who stated that people who live near these estuaries sometimes will pick a number of these leaves and rub them together over food. Their local name for the plant is *mangle sal* (translated — salt mangrove).

Most sea mammals and many sea birds take in far more sea water than

needed when capturing their food. Some of them have developed salt-excreting glands in their nostrils. Blood, which contains the high salt concentration, is pumped through the gland, with the salt screened out through a membrane with very small openings — this time it is reverse osmosis. The particles of salt are then disposed of by a snorting action.

Our most important source of salt is from sea water. Many areas of the world have what may be "tongue in cheek" called salt mines. One operator of such a "mine" told us that he would never run out of "ore." Here, sea water is flooded into ponds, called pans, and allowed to evaporate to exactly the correct point where the halite (and no other minerals) has formed crystals. The excess water (containing other minerals still in solution) is drained off, leaving nearly pure salt encrusted on the surface of the pan.

There are true salt mines, however. These are huge beds that were laid down eons ago as a result of the evaporation of shallow seas. These now may be many miles inland, and thus can be mined in the true sense.

Our statement above that our source of salt is sea water is not exactly true. The original source of the salt in sea water was from the land, and it still is being leached out of it. All rain has the potential of dissolving halite as it flows over the land. Some areas, such as our deserts, have more halite in the rocks than do other areas. The dry salt lakes familiar to desert travelers are evidence of this. Also, the high salt content of inland seas without any outlet is further evidence.

One scientist, many years ago, calculated the age of the earth on the basis of how much salt there was in the oceans and inland seas, and how long it took to reach its present concentrations. The development of the radioactive clock (discussed in our March 1974 column), that precisely pinpointed the age of the earth, showed that the calculations using salt were surprisingly close!

Personally, we welcome our old friend halite to the new Mohs scale of hardness. In a sense, however, we are a bit sorry to see gypsum left off. Interestingly, gypsum is another mineral that is deposited out of large bodies of water. It, too, is to be found in large beds very similar to halite.

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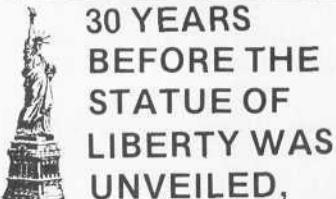
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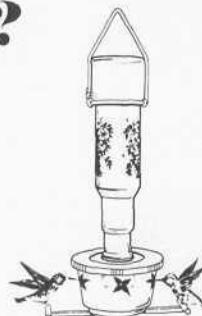
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been in a high niche in a canyon wall that the Indians could not reach.

The Colonel whispered to North: "Aztec treasure. I once made a great haul that way, over in Arizona."

The mestizo agreed to guide them to *las jarras* for 10 pesos. "Our minds instantly aflame with alluring mental pictures of fantastic ancient jars overflowing with Aztec gold and jewels," North wrote, "we would brook no delay."

Arroyo Grande lay east and north of Valle Trinidad, between the Sierra de la Palmita and the Sierra de las Tinajas. Pushing over hot and barren deserts, they entered its narrow depths "where the slant red cliffs rise to dizzy heights skyward." The guide pointed to *las jarras*, 50 feet above the sandy arroyo. North saw the feathered shafts of Indian arrows protruding out of a niche.

"Hell, man, them ain't *jarras*!" the Colonel exploded.

The mestizo was frankly amazed at their violent reaction. North later found out, he wrote, that although *flecha* was the usual word for arrow, *la jarra* did have an idiomatic meaning of "the dart."

The guide paid and the Colonel soothed, North managed to climb part way up the cliff and, with a long pole, fish out 10 ancient war arrows and a fire-hardened spear shaft.

Is there a possible connection between Garrett's frustrating experience in Arroyo Grande and his story of the successful discovery of a lost treasure cave? Two such similar events on the same expedition! Had Garrett been campfire yarning with Stewart, he might have been combining elements to make a good tale. But he was proposing an immediate expedition of which he expected to be a part. It is hardly likely he would have died suddenly just to keep Stewart from learning there was no cave and no chests.

Was there an actual confusion in his mind, created by the passing years and the heat and difficulties of that earlier time? Did an old trail in the San Pedro Martir which he did not follow fuse with the "treasure" in Arroyo Grande and the legend of Jesuit gold? Did he just want a chance to go back to see if that unlikely trail in an unlikely place did lead to treasure? Or did he see just exactly what he said he had, where he said he had?

You must be the judge. □

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Marker Poses Question . . .

I seem to find street signs and old Automobile Club of Southern California markers in the most unlikely places. The street-corner-type sign in Death Valley at the "intersection" of Marble Canyon and Cottonwood Canyon seemed unique. The well-preserved (two years ago) Auto Club sign about midway between Salt Creek and Wiley Well on the old stage road could be nominated as a historic site.

My reason for this letter, however, is to see if anyone can shed some light on my newest "discovery." It is located about one-half mile south of the Wheaton Springs rest area on Interstate 15. It is square, mounted with two corners on a steel pole like a modern caution sign. It has bits of the typical porcelain-like blue and white finish, with only the last letter intact (s). Within a few feet is the remains of something—two rotted wood posts set in a kind of on-the-site concrete (an old hitching rail?). A recently capped (steel and concrete) spring lies a stone's throw up the wash.

A reasonable guess would be it marked "Wheaton Springs." "Las Vegas" seems ruled out by a piece of the letter in front of the "S" which does not appear to be an "A."

Hopefully a reader may know something of the history of this marker.

TOM GEGENHEIMER,
Orange, California.

A Booboo in the Bones . . .

I would like to point out a small but critical typographical error in my article, "The Case of the Bones in Stone" as it appeared in the February issue.

Very near the end of the story it reads, as printed, "It is highly probable that the bones are, indeed, this old." (i.e., 100 million years.) My story as submitted stated "highly improbable." This tiny error of omission exactly reversed my estimation.

F. A. BARNES,
Moab, Utah.

Reader Request . . .

I have been a continuous subscriber of *Desert* for at least 30 years. I enjoy every issue and many of the places written about are familiar to me.

I was born in the old "Ghost Town" of Delamar, Nevada September 1900. There have been two articles about my birth place in

Desert. Nell Murbarger's story in 1954 and one in the March, 1971 issue by Roberta Starry.

In the December, 1974 *Desert*, Publisher's Poke, you ask if any reader has a "ghost" they would like to hear about. I have one. On a recent trip out to Tecopa Hot Springs, near Death Valley, I rediscovered that the old Tonopah and Tidewater railroad ran through Tecopa. As a teenager, I used to ride this rail line from Ludlow, California to Tonopah, Nevada. I was on my way to Round Mountain, Nevada to work on my uncle's cattle ranch during the summer vacation.

I would like to know more about the history of the Tonopah and Tidewater railroad.

GEORGE BISHOP,
Long Beach, California.

Kind Words . . .

I have been a subscriber to your *Desert Magazine* for many, many years. I used to subscribe to many magazines. That is now narrowed down to three. As the cost of living goes up, magazines go up, and the content of the magazine goes down! Except for a few, one of which is *Desert Magazine*.

Desert Magazine has never lost its value to its readers. You exhibit the same quality magazine, pictures, articles and research. I wish to thank you for this and congratulate you.

Also, within the past month and a half, I have ordered about eight books from your bookstore. I have received each book within a maximum of five days! It is unreal that your prompt and efficient service rates right up there, too.

Again, thank you for keeping *Desert Magazine*, and your service tops! I wish I lived in your area so I could visit your store. Keep up the good work.

MRS. DON MINER,
Henderson, Nevada.

Credit Due . . .

Your article, "Wonderland of Rocks" in the February issue was disappointing insofar as it failed to give the interesting background of the discovery of the rocks.

Edward Murray Riggs and Lillian Riggs of Faraway Ranch deserve credit for making this fascinating monument possible.

Mr. Riggs penetrated the Heart of Rocks area while looking for strays and was first to photograph the famous rocks. Lillian and Edward Riggs submitted their photos in the State Fair where many officials attended. Because of this effort, Chiricahua National Monument in Arizona exists today.

Mr. Riggs became the first trail-blazer, cutting brush along the prosed trail, then riding his horse over the path until it was trampled.

Thousands of visitors enjoy these exciting rocks because of these special people—The Riggs. Lillian Riggs, now 87, lived at Faraway Ranch until a few months ago. The most beautiful tract is the road from the Monument to the Faraway Ranch. It is like going back into time about 100 years.

ESTHER TORRENCE.

Calendar of Events

APRIL 5 & 6, California Barbed Wire Collectors' Western Collectable Show at the Sports Arena, California City, Calif. Barbed wire, fencing tools, bottles, insulators, and more. Free. For information: John Lasagna, 10400 Heather Ave., California City, CA 93505.

APRIL 23 & 13, Amador Co. Gem & Mineral Society's 10th Annual "Gold Dust Days" Show, Amador Co. Fairgrounds, Plymouth, Calif. Displays, dealers, field trips, swap table. Free parking, spaces for campers, trailers, tents, (no hookups). \$1 per night. Donation 75c adults and children over 12.

APRIL 19 & 20, Norwalk Rockhounds Gem Show, 12345 E. Rosecrans Ave., Norwalk, Calif. Free admission. Dealers filled.

APRIL 19 & 20, South Bay Lapidary & Mineral Society annual gem and mineral show, Torrance Recreation Center, 3341 Torrance Blvd., Torrance, Calif. Free admission and parking. Chairman: G. Bynon, 21905 Ladeene Blvd. Torrance, Calif. 90503.

APRIL 19 & 20, Annual Riverside Community Flower Show, Riverside Memorial Auditorium, 7th and Lemon Sts. Garden tour and workshops. Adults, \$1.25, children free with adults. Contact: David L. Wall, 6900 Riverdale Pl., Riverside, CA 92509.

APRIL 26 & 27, Arrowhead Mineralogical Society's 17th exhibit of gems and minerals. St. Joseph's Youth Service Center, 17020 Arrow Blvd., Fontana, Calif. Admission and parking free. Dealers, donation awards.

APRIL 26 & 27, Yucaipa Valley Gem and Mineral Society's 10th annual Gem & Mineral Show, Community Center, First Street and Avenue B, Yucaipa, Calif. Free admission and parking.

APRIL 26 & 27, Desert Gem Roundup of Antelope Valley, Annual Spring Show, co-sponsored by the A. V. and Palmdale Gem & Mineral Clubs, Fair Center Hall, A. V. Fairgrounds, corner of Division St. and Ave I, Lancaster, Calif. Choice of Field Trips daily.

APRIL 26 & 27, Santa Barbara Mineral and Gem society's 17th Annual Show. Earl Warren Showgrounds, Santa Barbara, Calif. Demonstrations, dealers, food. Admission and camping fee charged.



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